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Liberty and Law!

Security to American homes!

Protection to American industries!

Encouragement to American capital!

American commerce and honest money!

A free ballot and a fair count!

Reciprocity and the Old Flag!

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For President.....HENRY HARRISON.

For Vice-President.....WHITELAW REED.

The Times is for sale of the Occidental Hotel news stand, San Francisco, price 5 cents per copy.

Persons leaving the city for the summer can have THE TIMES, JOURNAL OF THE Earliest and most reliable news of the world, 5 cents per month. Sunday edition included. The address may be changed as desired if care be taken in all cases to mention both old and new address.

The calamity war-whoop: Hurrah for Cannon! the son-of-a-gun!

SLEGGY SULLIVAN cannot box a compass, perhaps, but, crackey! can't he box a man?

WILL Spellbinder White and Esteve please quit making faces and begin weaving their spells.

The next campaign to be opened will be Col. Victoria Woodhull's—and it won't require a can-opener, either.

That young woman back East who fell out of a balloon that was some hundreds of feet in the air took a drop too much.

If that is what you call opening a campaign, we are sorry we said anything about it. Please let it stand shut again.

If Messrs. Evans and Sontag will come back, rob another train and put some life into the campaign, all will be forgiven.

There is no call for Adlai to grind up his broadaxe; he can continue to use it for splitting kindling after election just the same as now.

RAINBOW-CHASERS Brice and Harrity are being distanced by "Calamity Jim." He has a Nancy Hanks gait to the illusive race that is simply great.

The Chicago Herald is trying to find out which of them is the geni of the twenty-four foot ring—Statesman Sullivan of Massachusetts or Pompadour Jim of "ours."

Mr. PULITZER's wild and wooly Western campaign fund has reached the \$18,000 mark, but the World man is aghast at the way the price of votes is going up. In Indiana the ruling rate is \$4, and the further west Mr. Pulitzer goes the worse it gets, and gloom is getting its work in on the debauchery proposition with considerable momentum.

Perhaps Editor Medill and de Mores could just as well arrange to have their mill come off at New Orleans during the slogging carnival. They would certainly add much to the interest of the occasion and it would also be a good stroke of business. If the fight is not off it might be well for the principals to think a few things over this suggestion.

Mr. BIDWELL has accepted all right, but he and Mr. Weaver seem to be the only people that care to make the race. As between water and calamity we would feel called upon to stay with the gentleman from Chico, but the hope is still entertained that Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland may conclude to write those letters and have another go at each other.

No doubt the cholera is being looked forward to by the calamity crew to help them out of their tight place. The crops have gone back on them by being the best in years, and the locusts having not made their appearance anywhere to speak of, yellow jack or some other pestilence would appear to be a boor of large proportions to the party that grows fat on famine and rides into power over the broken hearts of an unfortunate people.

From the somewhat loose and lurid tariff remarks of Orator Cronin at last night's Democratic meeting, the populace will be prompted to inquire, "Where are you at, 'Cronin'?" When Cleveland was asked about the tariff—this was before he became a sure-enough tariff-reform statesman—he promptly answered, with child-like candor, "I don't know anything about the damned thing." We commend the Distressed Prophet's frankness to other Democrats who get jags on and all tangled up in the McKinley William, so that they lose sight of the free list and the neighboring lamp-posts.

Next Wednesday an election to vote upon the issuance of \$396,000 in bonds for the construction of an outfall sewer is to be held. So far as we have heard, there is no general opposition to the measure. It is conceded that the present plan of an outfall is the best that is available for the city, and the urgent necessity of completing the system, so as to dispose of the sewage, is allowed by every progressive citizen. Therefore we hope that the proposition for issuance of bonds will be carried, and we believe there is little or no doubt that it will be. It is best not to take this for granted, however, and every citizen ought to turn out and vote.

Stock Operators are Firm.

The last circular of Henry Clews & Co., the New York bankers, gives an interesting diagnosis of the financial pulse of the country. It says:

The stock market exhibits an unusual degree of resisting power. Silver again touched the lowest price on record; serious strikes are in progress on the track lines at Buffalo and elsewhere; gold operators continue in spite of all predictions to the contrary, and Europe refuses to stop sending back her American securities. This is a list of calamities, which, in ordinary times, would precipitate a sharp decline in the whole market; while, as a matter of fact, prices have refused to yield to such influences with remarkable stubbornness. Values, it is true, are lower than a few months ago, but the decline has been gradual and, judged by ordinary experience, not at all in proportion to circumstances. The question is often asked, "Is not the market dead?" A good many operators have been convinced that it is dead, and consequently sold stocks. Instead of weakening the market the bears have possibly strengthened it by creating a new and, for the time being, probably the only important buying interest. But the real reason for this resistance to lower prices is deeper seated than that based on any short interest. It is based on the confidence of the big holders of stocks in the future resources of the country and its railroads. Their holdings have been greatly, and per-

haps, unwillingly, augmented by European sales during the last six months; still there is every indication that they are determined to hold them for better prices.

The Question of Waterworks.

The water question is again upon us, and it must be taken up forthwith and discussed upon its merits. Tomorrow the plans of a system of waterworks, to be constructed in part or in whole by the city, as formulated by the City Engineer, will be presented to the Council. Whether it is better to adopt the general plan and begin the construction of headworks and a distributing system for the higher portions of the city (West and East Los Angeles), or whether it is better to take more expeditious steps and make arrangements with the City Water Company for a supply of good water to place upon the hills at once, are matters which should be discussed with all their pros and cons. The city is called upon to adopt not only the most judicious step for the present, but also to take a long look ahead. Six years is not too long a time for the city to take in making a good ready for acquiring a complete water system. A beginning in some form may very well be made now, and we ought to be very sure that we start off with the right foot foremost. When the City Engineer's plans are fully before the public we shall be able to take up the matter and discuss it in all its bearings.

Meantime it is understood that it is entirely feasible for the city to arrange at once with the City Water Company for a supply of water for the hills, and at a moderate price. This can be done without the delay and expense involved in the construction of a new system of headworks. This needed relief once secured, and the present urgent wants of a long-suffering people supplied, the Council will be in better position to consider and adopt a comprehensive plan for building or acquiring works for the entire city and for a long reach into the future.

A Grand Jury Called For.

Attention has been called to section 241 of the Code of Civil procedure, which requires that, in counties of the class of Los Angeles, two grand juries shall be called each year. It is now the last of August and yet no grand jury has been impaneled this year, and if the law is complied with the two bodies will have to meet within the next four months. The point is well taken. It really seems as though the courts have been derelict in their duty. The Times has been periodically calling for the drawing of another grand jury ever since early in January, as the judges cannot make the excuse that they have forgotten this little matter. It would be a good idea to impanel a jury at the earliest practicable date, and we suggest that the Law and Order League, or some other association of public-spirited citizens, carefully watch the method of drawing jurors, to make sure that there is no political manipulation about it. We want a square deal on and from the next grand jury.

In the Second Ward a scandalous state of things exists with respect to the preparation for the Republican primaries. The facts, as developed, are disgraceful and dishonorable to the persons responsible for the audacious machine methods by which it is sought to defeat the will of the respectable Republican majority of that ward. It is not strange that there is an open revolt on the part of honest citizens, nor that they propose to fight and foil the gang. In other columns the story is told with detail telling, and there is more to come.

The straight Republican citizen of the Second Ward, it appears, will have to contend at the primary polls with one dark-haired non-resident troubadour, one puff of vitiated air on two thin legs, and some other low-grade cattle that belong in the same pen, but who have broken loose and will be found brawling and trespassing in the vicinity of Ord and New High streets on election day. Men and brethren of the Second Ward Republican Reform League! you are about to get away with the whole of them. Will you do it?

STEPHEN M. WHITE, in his speech last night, frankly indicated his willingness to step into the bogs of his plutocratic excellency, Senator Stanford. In the improbable event of a Democratic Legislature being sent up (sent up to Sacramento, we mean), there are a great many thousands of people in California who would acclaim with joy the political advancement of the gallant son of the South, with his commanding power as a popular tribune.

Thus it appears that there is a large association of employing printers who are determined to oppose the unreasonable exactions of the Typographical Union, and to carry the fight against boycotts and petty persecutions to the court of last resort if necessary. This is what THE TIMES has always urged as the legitimate and reasonable way of meeting the situation—to oppose organization, and thus vindicate American principles. This is a methodical beginning of the reaction which we have predicted against the anarchistic policy inaugurated by the labor unions. There will be many organizations in line with the Typothetae, and when anarchy shall be thoroughly beaten, there will be more peaceful and more satisfactory systems of settling labor troubles.

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POLITICAL POINTS.

Indiana still remains a "doubtful" State, but the doubt this year is whether the Republican majority will reach 20,000, or more.

Soviet spoons for political purposes is the latest production of an enterprising New York manufacturer. A soup ladle would be more appropriate for Mr. Cleveland.—[Pittsburgh Republican.]

They are calling Don Dickinson "Gen. Too." He got his military title in the same service as "Gen." Stevenson got his. The Postoffice Department will have to put down on the war maps.—[Boston Herald.]

William S. Holman has been twenty-eight years a Congressman. In that time the country has doubled its population and quadrupled its wealth and commercial importance, but Bill is the same old skimp.—[Minneapolis Tribune.]

Mr. Stevenson's defense of his war record and denial of the accusations brought against him under oath, have been merely verbal and informal. It is time he comes to the front with an affidavit if he can afford it.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

Mr. Cleveland's ambition has led him to give the lie to all his professional reform work and efforts. He wants to be "King" of the country, to be "King" of the world.

Mr. Stevenson's defense of his war record and denial of the accusations brought against him under oath, have been merely verbal and informal. It is time he comes to the front with an affidavit if he can afford it.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

Col. Stevenson's personal popularity is not questioned. He keeps his mouth shut and writes letters. Mr. Cleveland leaks from time to time, and to the wrong day. And few persons who have ever encountered him can meet him a second time. These may be mere coincidences, but they are not.

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The country grows and changes marvelously. The men who have been here who failed to satisfy our war are not to be presumed the best men to satisfy today. It is the less to be expected at this time, because great changes have been effected since 1888 in the modes of administration, in the scope and duties of many branches of the government, the relations of the states and the nation, the relations of the states and the nation, the relations between this and other powers and the duties involved by new relations with them, and in the broad policy of reconstruction. Scientific and mechanical progress has been so rapid that it is not to be expected that the men who have been here will be as handicapped as Mr. Cleveland in attempting to carry forward the government under conditions so greatly altered.—[New York Tribune.]

FOREIGN NOTABLES.

Baron Birch is 56 years old, and dresses with great simplicity. He dislikes display and lights shy of jewelry. Any ordinary \$9 a week clerk could eclipse him in personal adornment.

Mr. Gladstone is above suspicion of flirting with Queen Victoria, but is a little queer than Mrs. Gladstone required him to be. He wants to be a Queen Victoria, but is a little queer than Mrs. Gladstone required him to be. He wants to be a Queen Victoria, but is a little queer than Mrs. Gladstone required him to be.

No man in Europe, it is claimed, has so many orders and decorations as Prince Bismarck, who could not wear them all at once if they were to be attached to him three times. The order he thinks least of is his. He is not as handicapped as Mr. Gladstone in attempting to carry forward the government under conditions so greatly altered.—[New York Tribune.]

A Political Possibility.

Away off down in Texas there is a Mr. Hogg.

Who wants to be the governor again, and another in New England, in sunshine and in bog.

At Buzzard's Bay there is a ready Pen.

What bleak November may effect is yet understood.

Though much is prophesied by many men, but it looks as if election would serve a purpose good.

It will do that Hogg in Cleveland's favor.

IN THE PIT OF DEATH.

Sad Scenes at the Wrecked Colliery in Wales.

Rescuing Parties Do Gallant Work and Save Many Lives.

The Survivors Tell Thrilling Stories of Their Experience.

The Rescuers Guided to the Living by Signal Taps—Only Those Who Were Working Near the Shaft Escape Death.

By Telegraph to The Times.

LONDON, Aug. 27.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] All night long volunteer parties kept up work at the Parkside pit, the scene of the disastrous explosion in Wales yesterday. At 6 o'clock this morning they had penetrated 900 yards into the main shaft. In all this distance no signs of life were discovered. Here and there was the body of a miner, but the attitude invariably showed that death had come suddenly. Some of the men had died in the very act of using their picks. Ten bodies were recovered of men who did not have a moment's warning of their fate. The bodies of two men were discovered, however, who had apparently made frantic efforts to escape.

A later dispatch received at noon says that while the band of rescuers were working in the pit a sound was heard which caused the men to suddenly suspended operations. Soon a repetition of the sound was heard, low and weak, but indicating life beyond the great wall of rock and debris. The work of rescue was then pressed with Herculean energy.

At 1:30 this afternoon the drift was finally penetrated and thirty-nine miners recovered. The scene when they reached the surface was indescribable. Wives, mothers, sisters, brothers, and in some cases fathers, were in waiting frantic to see if their loved ones were saved. The work of rescue continued to be pushed in the hope of saving others. One of the rescued miners said: "A crowd of us got together in the level after the explosion. We could hear the flames roaring through the mine. After a time we tried to get out, but were driven back by the sulphur fumes. Two men sought to rush through, but lost their lives, dying when they fell, as it was impossible for us to save them."

Later this afternoon another rescuing party saved eight more imprisoned miners.

The volunteer rescuers state that they have signalled another party of imprisoned men who by striking on the wall signalled that there were fourteen of them waiting.

It has been ascertained that most of the men who were working near the shaft were saved. It is now doubted that any others are alive. Some of the rescued miners thrillingly describe their struggles in the darkness to escape the coal falls.

FIRED TWO SHOTS.

Sensational Affair at a Public Meeting in Oakland.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27.—[By the Associated Press.] George Gray fired two shots at Clarence E. Bennett, secretary of the California Society for the Prevention of Vice, in front of the City Hall in Oakland this morning. A public meeting was being held there and 2000 people were present. Gray approached Bennett and fired at him with a revolver. Bennett ran and Gray fired another shot. Neither was injured.

Gray was arrested, but subsequently released on bail. The shooting grew out of a charge which was made against Bennett some time ago that he had betrayed Gray's daughter.

GETTING HIS DESERTS.

The National City Wrecker Having a Taste of Justice.

SAN DIEGO, Aug. 27.—[By the Associated Press.] William Steicken, the man charged with assaulting little girls at National City, pleaded guilty today to two counts, one of indecent exposure and one of battery, and was sentenced to three months in jail on each count. There are eight or ten more charges yet to be presented and it is expected he will receive sentences aggregating several years.

Seals Before the Courts.

POR TOWNSEND (Wash.) Aug. 27.—Associated Press advices from Sitka, Alaska, by the steamship Mexico, to-night that the whaling bark Lydia, seized in Bering Sea while transferring seal skins to the bark Northern Light, was fined \$100 and released. Capt. Hanson of the schooner Winifred, seized in Bering Sea for illegal sealing, waived examination and was released on \$500 of the bond on the charge of violation of the revenue laws. The British steamer Constitution and cargo of seal skins, seized at Port Etched last June, have not yet been bonded.

Had Married Thousands of Couples.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 27.—At Aberdeen, O., a small town opposite Maysville, Ky., there has been located for years a Gretta Green for eloping young Kentuckians. There dwelt "Squire" Massie Beasley, who was always ready, day or night, to tie the nuptial knot. This remarkable justice of the peace, who has married 5000 couples, died this morning, aged 81. He had held the office of justice of the peace since 1869.

Great Lumber Plant Burned.

PETOSKEY (Mich.) Aug. 27.—The entire plant of the North Michigan Lumber Company, at Oden, six miles north of here, was burned this morning. The loss may be anywhere from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, as no reliable data can be secured upon which to base an estimate. The insurance is only slight, and it is not probable that the woods will be rebuilt.

Swimming Record Broken.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27.—The twelfth annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union for the swimming championship of America, was attended today by a large number of athletes from various portions of the country. The world's miles record was broken by Arthur Thomas Kennedy, of the home club, who won both championship matches.

The British Fleet Coming.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—The Herald's London correspondent learns that Admiral Hopkins, commander of the British North American station, has been instructed to take the entire squadron with the Blake as flag ship, to Hampton Roads next April, and to participate in the subsequent naval review at New York. This is in response to the invitation received from Washington.

THE DISTRICT FAIRS.

A Five-mile Race at Chico—The Sport at Napa.

CHICO, Aug. 27.—[By the Associated Press.] The grand stock parade and awarding of premiums took place at 9 o'clock this morning. Immediately after came the special race, 5 miles, a relay of three horses to each rider, purse of \$100 and entrance money. The starters were Pepper, Flowers and Myrtle.

The start was made at 11:33. Myrtle led the first mile, Flowers second. On mounting for the second mile the latter's horse got away, and before another could be secured Myrtle was a quarter in the lead, which he kept for the rest of the distance, winning the race and money in 11 minutes and 18 seconds. Flowers and Pepper finished together, the former second by a neck. The time was short to be interesting as yesterday's twenty-mile race.

The 2:25 class trot was won by Tom Rider, St. Chait, second; Belle Button third; best time, 2:19.

The running mile dash was won by Revere, Vanity, second; Benham, third; time 1:47.

NAPA, Aug. 27.—The four-year-old trot was won by Truman, Myrtle, best time 2:19.

Flowers was driven to beat 2:30, and succeeded in getting inside the list by trotting a mile in 2:23.

The free-for-all pace was won by Our Dick, Wood second, Princess Alice third; best time 2:15.

The 2:25 class trot was won by Ophina, Tippoo Tib second, Chancellor third; best time 2:23.

TWO GREAT FIRES.

Lives Lost and Much Property Destroyed at New York.

A Tall Building Consumed—One Man is Killed and Five Others Badly Burned. The Metropolitan Operahouse Almost Destroyed.

By Telegraph to The Times.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—[By the Associated Press.] A disastrous fire carrying death with it broke out in a large five-story building, Nos. 120, 122, 124, and 126 Wooster street today and extended through to Pine street. The flames started about 10 o'clock and spread with such rapidity that soon the entire building was ablaze.

One person was killed and five others were severely burned and otherwise injured, and it is feared others lost their lives, as there were over 100 persons in the building when the fire started. Firemen Larry Stack received a frightful injury by a falling wall, and Fireman Langwasser was also badly hurt in the same way. The latter was warned of the threatening disaster by his companions, but did not understand until too late. The building was occupied by the United States Frame and Picture Company, Belt, Butler & Co., wools and drapery, W. J. Kelly, publisher, and R. H. Wagner & Co., paper box manufacturers.

The killed and seriously injured, so far as known, are: Mary Ellen Hanley, so badly burned that she died soon; Morris, internally injured, will probably die; W. D. Spyder, badly injured; Mary Guinnisse, burned about the head; Jack Lewes, head badly injured. A young woman at work in the building was rescued with difficulty. The cause of the fire is not known. The damage, as near as can be estimated, is \$250,000 on building and \$150,000 on contents. The heaviest losers are Belt, Butler & Co., wool and fur merchants.

This morning the Metropolitan Opera house took fire. The fire spread to the Godfrey House. The front part of the Godfrey House was saved, but the stage and auditorium were destroyed. Cornelius Horan, 25 years old, assistant scene painter at the Opera house, was burned and otherwise injured at the fire this morning, and died tonight in Bellevue Hospital. The police estimate the loss at \$500,000.

FIRE FOR PEACH-LEAF CURL.

The Orange Judd Farmers have the following relative to curl-leaf on peach tree:

The disease shows itself as soon as the leaves are expanded. By the first or middle of June the only sign of the malady are the withered leaves on the ground and the shriveled shoots on the tree; new leaves have already developed on the lateral twigs.

The cause of peach-leaf curl is minute fungous called "Taphrina deformans," it is closely related to the fungus which causes "pinhole" blight. The spores producing part of this fungus forms a net-work of threads resembling a string of beads in the tissues of the peach leaf. So little is really known of the life history of the curl that little can be said regarding preventive measures. Removing and destroying all the leaves and young shoots as soon as they show signs of the malady, and at the proper season, cutting well back the branches where the disease existed, is the best course, and ought to mitigate the evil. As an experiment it is suggested that the trees be sprayed in March or before the buds begin to swell, with a 30 or 40 per cent. solution of sulphate of iron.

Profit in Apricots.

At the request of the World's Fair Committee we have gathered statistics from the apricot crop of Azusa, Calif., for the season of 1892 of sufficient extent to get an accurate estimate of the profits per acre upon this popular fruit.

After five or six months of the season the output at Azusa is 128,489 bushels. Having the exact footage for each ranch we find the average profits per acre upon the above ranches are \$181.75, the lowest being \$103 and the highest \$178 per acre. There can be no inaccuracy in these figures as they are obtained by personal application to the proprietors of the five orchards taken and from the invoice book at the dryer. Then it is safe to place the average yield about 6½ tons per acre and the average income at \$180.

Now Shape Your Trees.

(Covina Argus.)

A splendid growth is being made just now by our citrus fruit trees, and it is just now that active work should be done in shaping young trees. Remove the water suckers and pinch back the straggling growth, keeping in mind the future development and shape of the tree. If the tree is developing in a one-sided fashion a pinch of the young growth will render the whole branch to harden and start new growth in another direction. This we consider better than to allow the growth to harden and then prune, which is not only a waste of time, but the next growth may start in the same direction and thus keep the tree one-sided.

A Noble Fight.

Smith—I am sorry to hear, Brown, that you have failed in business.

Brown—Yes; I struggled hard, but I lost everything, save my honor, thank God, and the property I was wise enough to settle on my wife when I found myself getting into trouble.—Texas Siftings.

The Flaming Stone.

Five miles west of the city of Cork, Ireland, stands the little village of Blarney. It has a castle, and in the walls of the castle the famous "Blarney stone" is set. The stone is a part of the solid masonry, i. fifty feet from the ground and about twenty feet below the projecting roof of the building. The situation of this talisman is such that the kissing of it is a rather dangerous feat; it being necessary to let yourself down over the walls by means of ropes.

The copper salt may be fixed in the fibers of a coating of tar by soap water, and in order to do this it may be placed in a basin of boiled water, drawing it through a thimble to press back the excess of tar and suspending it afterward on a string to dry and harden. In a second method the rope is soaked in a solution of 100 grams of soap per liter of water.

The Flaming Stone is a first rate swimmer and a good diver. He will watch the ducks and listen to all their calls, and if the birds have located themselves on some island he swims out to it, steals the eggs, or kills and eats the young birds. If the nest is near the water, by the side of some stream or outlet the rats will cross with the young ducks after they have killed them, to the other side.

The common house rat, the brown one, is a first rate swimmer and a good diver.

He will watch the ducks and listen to all their calls, and if the birds have located themselves on some island he swims out to it, steals the eggs, or kills and eats the young birds. If the nest is near the water, by the side of some stream or outlet the rats will cross with the young ducks after they have killed them, to the other side.

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POLITICAL

Formal Campaign Opening by the Democrats.

Speaking on the New Courthouse Steps Last Evening.

Meeting of Republicans to Arrange for Their Opening.

Representatives of the Clubs in the City in Attendance—Dissatisfaction Over the Second Ward Election Officers.

The Democrats last evening opened their campaign in this city in a manner which shows plainly that they are not without hope, even if they are aware of the fact that their voting forces are greatly in the minority.

The meeting was held in front of the new Courthouse, facing on Broadway, and, notwithstanding the fact that it had been well advertised, the attendance was not so large as it might have been. This is easily accounted for as this is the first time that a political meeting has been held at this spot, and people who attend such demonstrations become attached to places where they have been in the habit of going for years. The Courthouse steps is a most desirable location for open-air meetings and it is sure to become popular before the campaign is over. The light is good, and the building is so large that the audience and speakers are thoroughly protected and the speakers can be heard a long distance.

CALLED TO ORDER.

George J. Denis, Esq., called the meeting to order at 8:15 o'clock and invited a host of vice-presidents to take seats on chairs that had been placed on the stone steps for their special benefit.

Douglas' band furnished music and played several selections.

On opening the meeting Mr. Denis stated that this is to be a Democratic year on this coast, and Mr. Cleveland is to be elected without a doubt.

The chairman announced that Fred Harkness would act as secretary, and Mr. Harkness read off the following list of vice-presidents: William Lacey, W. F. Boshell, A. D. Childress, T. B. Brown, George J. Denis, George S. Patton, Louis Polaski, J. de Barth Shoir, San Gabriel; John G. Downey, W. J. Brodick, John E. Plater, Dionisio Boller, John Chanslor, Louis Sontous, C. H. Hance, I. H. Polk, Charles Prager, T. E. Gibson, A. W. Barrett, J. Casciello, John R. Matthews, W. H. Workman, Telma Creighton, Antonio Orsoni, Dr. H. Nader, E. P. Magrath, John F. Humphreys, J. C. Kay, J. G. Estillillo, Abbot Kinney, J. W. Weston, A. McNally, Guy Barmah, William Prudham, F. H. Howard, J. F. Forster, W. R. Burke, Thomas L. Winder, George H. Smith, Dr. Leloux, A. E. Sepulveda, Frederick Harkness, J. J. Mellus, Jake Kurtz, James G. Garrison, Joseph Maier, Louis Levine, T. E. Rowan, Conrad Jacoby, Henry O'Melveney, C. F. Heinekman, Kaspar Cohn, C. F. A. Last, Joseph Kurtz, John Bryson, Eugene Germain, John Kenealy, John Moriarity, Asuncion Brunson, Albert M. Stephens.

SPEAKING FOR DENIS.

Mr. Denis then introduced C. F. Croxin as the first speaker of the evening. The gentleman stated that he had not expected to be called on to open the battle in this city. Today the great fight is opened between the two great national parties, but they are not alone in this country. [The speaker then sprang up and it was in to say, "Come for Weaver from all parts of the audience."] But this new party will be ground to powder between the two great parties.

The great question at issue between the Democratic and Republican parties is that great question of the tariff. The Republicans have told the same old stories and made the same old promises over and over, but the people have only been humbugged and the same old promises will be made at every meeting held by the Republicans throughout the land. The party is fighting for its life. It has pretended to be fighting for a mission, but that mission failed years ago, and now it is simply a bubble party. There is no protection for labor in the Republican party. The party is for the rich man first, last and all the time, and it has no use for the poor man except for what it can make out of him. The poor are brought here by the thousand and they are taught to vote for the Republican party on the ground that they would not be here had the Republicans not paved the way and given them employment at starvation wages, and when the poor creatures cry for bread for their families they are shot down like dogs by this rich party. The party that has absorbed the youth and strength throws them off as soon as it is through with them. They are nothing but slaves and will be as long as they remain with the Republican party.

The speaker then told several good stories that seemed to take with the audience, and retired amid rounds of applause.

HON. STEPHEN M. WHITE.

As soon as the speaker took his seat, there were loud calls for Hon. Stephen M. White, and he was introduced. Mr. White was at his best and made an eloquent address. His voice could not have been in a better condition and every word from his lips reached the most distant members of his audience.

SECOND WARD PRIMARIES.

Dissatisfaction Over the Election Officers and the Voting Place.

There is great dissatisfaction among the Republicans of the Second Ward over the action of the County Central Committee in the matter of the selection of judges and the voting place for the coming primaries, and it is freely asserted that if the injustice is not righted the Republican ticket will be jeopardized, so great is the feeling that has been aroused.

It is charged that the action of the committee is a deliberate attempt to reelect the disgraceful scenes which occurred at the last Congressional primaries, and if the programme is carried out on the lines as shown by the surface indications, the independent and respectable Republicans of the ward will throw their tickets to the Democratic party.

Crozier not only understands the nature of the people, but he is sound on the tariff question, and he has the courage and manhood to carry out his views.

He looked to the future during his administration and he took stock in the tariff if matters that caused his party to tremble, but they have learned that he was on the right track and they now understand that he is the true friend of the poor man.

Mr. White spent considerable time in the discussion of the tariff question, and apparently convinced his hearers, or a number of them, that from his standpoint, at least, the Republican party is not sound on this question by any means of his. He showed how large fortunes have been built up, as he claimed, through the agency of the Republican party, and the ruination of thousands of laboring people. Democrats and all true Americans, he said, are opposed to the concentration of wealth. The centralization of great fortunes is dangerous, and will eventually

ally demoralize the whole country. Production alone is no sign of prosperity, unless there is a general distribution of wealth.

The speaker evidently firmly believed that the people can get along with a little less tariff, and so expressed himself. Such men as the prince of the Homestead iron works, he said, should be satisfied with one or two foreign castles.

The speaker then went on to show, from a Democratic standpoint, that the farmer is not benefited by what is termed the so-called protective tariff. The farmer, including all other people who work for a living, are robbed for the benefit of a few, and that few may be classed among such men as Carnegie.

There is a protective tariff on wheat and yet every man knows that wheat is not brought to this country, hence a wheat protective tariff is not needed, and it is the same regarding almost all of the products of the United States. There is no competition, and this protective tariff is a giant's bumblebee.

One week ago it was rumored that the Central Committee had not intended to stand by its promise of the day before Clark's name would be taken down and a machine judge placed on the list in his place. On last Monday another delegation of respectable Republicans of the Second Ward called on the Executive Committee of the County Central Com-

mittee by placing the name of Mr. Clark on the list, the names finally agreed upon being Vickery, McCall and Clark.

The committee withdrew, satisfied with the appointment of Clark, he being reputed to be a man of respectability and above suspicion.

One week ago it was rumored that the Central Committee had not intended to stand by its promise of the day before Clark's name would be taken down and a machine judge placed on the list in his place.

The visiting delegation from the Second Ward asked the committee to stand by its appointment of Clark as judge, and to withdraw the name of McCall, who was objectionable.

After the representative Republicans of the Second had withdrawn, the Executive Committee seated the matter, and the committee did not stand by its promise, as the whole wealth of the country is peoples in the laps of a few, these can be no prosperity. The poor laborer cannot accumulate a bank account, and his master will keep him in slavery all the balance of his days.

Instead of reducing the price of articles enumerated in the McKinley Bill, the prices have advanced and the people have not been benefited. The consumers are the sufferers from this tariff legislation while the Homestead princes are the only class who are benefited by protective tariff.

The people are told that the law of supply and demand will regulate every thing, but when this country is as densely populated as the old countries of Europe this country will be in even a worse condition than are those countries today. It is against this legislation that Grover Cleveland and the Democratic party are arrayed today.

In speaking of the outlook in this State, he stated that it is a shame that the State is represented in the Senate by an incompetent millionaire. He boldly stated that there should be a representative elected directly by the people of Southern California in the Senate of the United States. He stated that he is anxious to occupy that seat, and that Cleveland has mapped out a course for them to pursue, and if they carry out his ideas they will save the Nation from ruin. The great strikes that have caused the whole country to shudder were caused by the alleged protective system imposed on the people by the Republican party.

The American people are realizing that the principles advocated by Grover Cleveland must be carried out. The time is past when passion and prejudice will control the affairs of this country.

Mr. Del Valle was generously ap-

plauded at the conclusion of his remarks, after which the audience dis-

persed.

THE REPUBLICANS

Meeting to Arrange for the Demonstration on September 3.

A joint meeting of representatives of the various Republican clubs, Congressional and County Executive Committees was held at the headquarters of the County Committee in the California Building last evening for the purpose of making arrangements for the formal opening of the campaign on Saturday evening next. W. F. X. Parker presided over the meeting and G. W. M. Reed officiated as secretary. The clubs represented were the Young Business Men's, Spanish-American, First Voters', Lincoln, Union League, and those of each ward. A rough account of the numerical strength of these organizations was taken, with the result that a total turn-out of about 800.

Upon motion of George Arnold the chairman of the County Central Committee was requested to extend an invitation to the various clubs to meet at the old Courthouse on Saturday evening next at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of escorting the speakers appointed by the State Committee, namely: Messrs. Lindley, Carpenter, Gage and Williams, to the place of voting.

In response to a question the chairman stated that there would not be any parade as the programme was a grand affair, and it was desirable to get down to business as early as possible.

Upon motion of F. R. Willis the chairman was directed to appoint a marshal to assume control of the escort, to whom one of the clubs represented should furnish an aide; and E. W. Kinsey was duly appointed as such marshal.

Upon motion of George Arnold the secretary of the County Central Committee was appointed to call an Executive Committee of ten for the purpose of making all necessary arrangements, with full power to act, and as this motion disposed of the whole business before the meeting an adjournment was made.

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persed.

HON. R. F. DEL VALLE.

The last speaker of the evening was Hon. R. F. Del Valle, who was introduced by the chair in most flattering terms and manner, short but telling speech. He spoke more particularly to the young men, and showed them that Mr. Cleveland has mapped out a course for them to pursue, and if they carry out his ideas they will save the Nation from ruin. The great strikes that have caused the whole country to shudder were caused by the alleged protective system imposed on the people by the Republican party.

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which I have my home, asking me to stand for the Senatorship. I will now say that I have concluded to become a candidate for the nomination. Should I receive the nomination and be elected I will do my utmost to advance the interests of the district and of the entire city; particularly will I have regard for the interests of the people. The people are the most important element in the Second Ward.

The committee withdrew, satisfied with the appointment of Clark, he being reputed to be a man of respectability and above suspicion.

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The visiting delegation from the Second

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



PASADENA.

Democrats Open the Campaign at Williams Hall.

Notes of Happenings Above the Clouds and Fog.

Saturday's Budget of News Served in Readable Style.

There Will Be Another Tournament of Roses—Demolition of Valuable Material for Pumpkin Pies—Personal and Brevities.

In accordance with the plan mapped out by the State Central Committee, the Democrats of Pasadena formally opened the campaign of 1892 at Williams's Hall last night.

There was no parading, no fireworks; no blare of trumpets nor blaze of torches—none of that enthusiasm which has characterized the national campaigns of former years, all of which was due, as one of the untrilled explained to the reporter, to the fact that election day is over two months off. Everything was conducted indoors, and the atmosphere of the hall was decidedly more agreeable than the cold night breezes that hover about Athletic Park, the hitherto favorite resort for political gatherings this season.

The people were a little slow in gathering, but by 8:30 o'clock the hall was fairly well filled with Republicans, Prohibitionists, Populists and Democrats. A noticeable sprinkling of the fair sex were also present, but whether or not they were attending the meeting was not known. A. R. Metcalfe, Esq., was called upon to preside. After gracefully acknowledging the honor and predicting that the Democratic victory of 1884 would be followed by Cleveland's reelection next November, the speaker read a speech by Oberth. Watkins to read the list of vice-presidents which included the following names:

James Clark, W. D. McGlynn, A. O. Bristol, L. C. Tolson, W. U. Masterson, W. G. Thompson, G. E. Smith, L. J. Wright, Joseph Simon, W. L. Wotkyns, R. M. Furlong, W. C. Stewart, Justice Brockway, P. Stell, Dr. R. J. Mohr, Dr. H. H. Sherk, Ed Kennedy, G. F. Granger, Charles Root, A. C. Armstrong, W. W. Weller, William Fishburn, J. A. McElroy, W. H. Bines, F. M. Morgan, A. R. Dodswood, Harry C. Allen, J. B. Stoutsburgh.

The first speaker was Joe Simon, who was received with a fair amount of the representative Democrat. Mr. Simon has a style peculiar to himself. He plunges right into the heart of his discourse, and gets there without any unnecessary delay. The more experienced he becomes, the more it will seem impossible to keep pace with Joseph when once he gets warmed up, and it requires a very rapid process of absorption to take in half the gobs of thought and instruction that fall from his lips. In the course of his ten minute speech, Mr. Simon started by saying that the history of politics is the history of the human race. History will repeat itself, and as in the past, the people have been compelled to suffer much reform, so now the people by a great uprising will, through the medium of the ballot box, knock sky-high the Republican party, the alleged friend of popular trust and commerce. What the other party did in that the laboring man is placed on an equal footing with the capitalist so far as the privilege to make money is concerned. The tramp, tramp, of thousands of tramps in the ranks of the Republic is a warning in national affairs. There must be abolished and Grover Cleveland is the man to do the work. The people are taxed to death from earliest infancy until death comes, when they are laid in the ground which is levied a tax of over 40 per cent. The horrors of the Homestead strike were graphically depicted and Carnegie was severely scored for blowing in some money in the running of the great iron works of Scotland. In closing Mr. Simon stated that the fight will be fought strictly on tariff issues. The speaker's remarks were preceded and followed by prolonged applause.

Mr. Simon was followed by Mr. Selig of Alhambra in a short speech. It was stated that the Democratic party is not entering upon a campaign of free trade, nor is it endeavoring to destroy the great institution of the country. It is for the sake of a campaign of tariff reform, education and of figures, as founded on facts. The speaker was authority for the statement that during the twenty-eight months since the election has been fought, the protected tariff has raised the daily wages of the laboring man have been increased on an average just seven-tenths of 1 per cent. Mr. Selig closed with the prediction that on November 8 the glad tidings will ring out that Cleveland is elected and the country saved.

Frank R. Phinlayson, Jr., of Los Angeles was the principal speaker of the evening. The man who has been largely instrumental in the difference between the two parties in the matter of the tariff. He defined the fundamental principle of the Democratic party as "a fair field and no favor." Numerous figures and statistics were adduced to prove that a protective tariff does not protect, and that under the present system the Government the laborer is not "in it" to any greater extent than to add to the riches of the capitalists and monopolists, by hard manual labor. Phinlayson closed by proposing three rousing cheers for tariff reform and Cleveland, but only one was given and it was a meek one at that.

Mr. Hopper of Hesperia, which is a suburb of San Bernardino, made a characteristic speech. Mr. Hopper said he believed in going right at a thing instead of going round it, and his remarks bore proof of the assertion. For half an hour the speaker kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. The points he made were not the least convincing. Mr. Hopper spoke in Pasadena two years ago, and the simple announcement of his reappearance will always be sufficient to attract a big audience regardless of party.

THE LADY'S NIGHT FAIR.

The funeral of R. W. Lacey, notice of which was published in the Times, will take place at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon from his late residence, corner of Main and Villa street. The members of Pasadena Lodge L.O.O.F., of which Mr. Lacey was an honored member, are invited to meet at the lounge room to attend the funeral in a body. All visiting Odd Fellows are invited to join in the services.

TIMES BRANCH OFFICES.

PASADENA—No. 26 East Colorado street, St. Paul's store.

POMONA—Corner Second and Main streets.

SAN BERNARDINO—Stewart Hotel News Stand.

SANTA ANA—No. 209 West Fourth street, Anaheim—Joe Helmick.

SANTA BARBARA—No. 713 State street, REDLANDS—Dugan's, Ota Block.

AZUSA—Pioneer News Agency, R. B. COLTON—J. E. Mattox, Postoffice news stand.

RIVERSIDE—Willard Gardner, at A. L. DAVIS news stand.

At all the branch offices, news items, advertising and orders for Tims Times are received.

DIED.

JAMES.—In this city, Friday, August 26, James, beloved wife of Alfred James, aged 58 years.

The funeral will take place on Sunday, August 28, at 2 p.m., from the family residence, corner Bunker Hill and First street.

LUSK CAB CO., Tel. 220, gourps, carriages.

FOR FEED & FUEL, telephone 1974. M. L. & P. Patterson, corner of Los Angeles and First streets. Bottom prices guaranteed.

DRINK JOHN WIELAND or FREDERICKSBURG Lager Beer, on tap at all first-class places.

CHEESE, Roquefort, Swiss, &c., Stephen's

ates of the club; and that the secretary be instructed to forward a copy of the same to her sorrow-stricken husband."

The matter of holding another Tournament of Roses next New Year's day came up for discussion and with unanimous approval. No definite action was taken, but it was decided to make the event eclipse all previous efforts in the direction.

CAMP WILSON JOINTINGS.

The weather is perfect, the thermometer averaging 75° at midday.

Judge Wilson of Los Angeles is among the late arrivals.

Memorials, Conger and Hertel are reported to Pasadena.

Mr. Harry Siegel of Los Angeles is again accompanied by his wife and two daughters.

On Monday a grand quod match was arranged between Miss Katharine and Miss Churchill against Miss Vischer and Miss Lacey, the former winning by four points. No one was permanently injured.

Tuesday was one of utmost gloom. No one can express the terrible scenes that transpired in the city, nor can the news that Mrs. C. S. Martin had died suddenly of heart failure. She can never be forgotten. For her husband and mother who were with her at the last, expressions of deepest sympathy were expressed.

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SEVEN DAYS' FIGHT FOR SOULS.

The local branch of the Salvation Army will enter upon a seven days' fight, battling for souls. This will be "back-siders" day. The work will commence with a halloo-hallo breakfast at 7 o'clock.

At 11 a meeting will be held at the barracks for backsiders and Christians only. Monday will be given to a general meeting of the forces in the community. Tuesday will be local officers' day. Wednesday will be "field" work; Thursday will be juniors' day, when organized work for the boys will be inaugurated here, and Saturday, Oct. 1, will be given to the school. The Monday services will be followed by a night of prayer.

PASADENA BREVITIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt went over to Catalina yesterday afternoon.

George Webster has returned from Seattle, where he went to visit his daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hammond went to Catalina yesterday to remain for several weeks.

St. John has returned from Camp Wilson, where he spent the greater part of the summer.

The members of Co. B returned home yesterday afternoon from the Ventura encampment.

Ex-Congressman Thomas Banbury will remain yesterday from the Northern part of the State, where he spent the greater part of the summer.

Yesterday was cool enough for a mid-winter day. Speaking about climate, this is where it is found.

The Y.M.C.A. service at 3 o'clock this afternoon was conducted by Charles L. H. H. The members are invited.

The two new public fountains are now satisfactory for the thirsty public.

The members of the Chase brothers and Miss Gilliland in the tennis tournament at Santa Monica adds materially to Riverside's reputation as the home of athletic sports, and the eyes of lovers of athletic and field sports will continue to turn to Riverside to record breakers and prize winners. When anything is to be done, Riverside is always prepared to step up and do it.

RIVERSIDE BREVITIES.

The Populites held a meeting last night. Lewis Fox has returned from the mountains.

Mrs. J. Cook has departed for her home at Denver, Colo.

W. A. Purlington is back from a short outing on the coast.

W. W. Ryerson went down to Redondo yesterday to join his family.

The W.R.C. is in regular session at Mechanic's Hall yesterday afternoon.

Dr. C. W. Shill and wife of Lafayette, Ind., are visiting J. W. Kishler and others in this city.

Thomas Murphy left the coast yesterday upon the steamer Corona for San Francisco to enter Leland Stanford, Jr., University at Palo Alto, where he will pursue the studies of medicine.

Mr. Evans, of the public schools, returned yesterday from the Northern part of the State, where he spent the greater part of the summer.

"The Evidence of Immortality" will be the theme of Rev. Dr. Conger's discourse at the First Presbyterian Church this morning. There will be no evening service.

The speaker was authority for the statement that during the twenty-eight months since the election has been fought, the protected tariff has raised the daily wages of the laboring man have been increased on an average just seven-tenths of 1 per cent. Mr. Selig closed with the prediction that on November 8 the glad tidings will ring out that Cleveland is elected and the country saved.

Frank R. Phinlayson, Jr., of Los Angeles was the principal speaker of the evening. The man who has been largely instrumental in the difference between the two parties in the matter of the tariff. He defined the fundamental principle of the Democratic party as "a fair field and no favor."

Numerous figures and statistics were adduced to prove that a protective tariff does not protect, and that under the present system the Government the laborer is not "in it" to any greater extent than to add to the riches of the capitalists and monopolists, by hard manual labor.

Phinlayson closed by proposing three rousing cheers for tariff reform and Cleveland, but only one was given and it was a meek one at that.

THE LADY'S NIGHT FAIR.

The funeral of R. W. Lacey, notice of which was published in the Times, will take place at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon from his late residence, corner of Main and Villa street. The members of Pasadena Lodge L.O.O.F., of which Mr. Lacey was an honored member, are invited to meet at the lounge room to attend the funeral in a body. All visiting Odd Fellows are invited to join in the services.

TIMES BRANCH OFFICES.

PASADENA—No. 26 East Colorado street, St. Paul's store.

POMONA—Corner Second and Main streets.

SAN BERNARDINO—Stewart Hotel News Stand.

SANTA ANA—No. 209 West Fourth street, Anaheim—Joe Helmick.

SANTA BARBARA—No. 713 State street, REDLANDS—Dugan's, Ota Block.

AZUSA—Pioneer News Agency, R. B. COLTON—J. E. Mattox, Postoffice news stand.

RIVERSIDE—Willard Gardner, at A. L. DAVIS news stand.

At all the branch offices, news items, advertising and orders for Tims Times are received.

DIED.

JAMES.—In this city, Friday, August 26, James, beloved wife of Alfred James, aged 58 years.

The funeral will take place on Sunday, August 28, at 2 p.m., from the family residence, corner Bunker Hill and First street.

LUSK CAB CO., Tel. 220, gourps, carriages.

FOR FEED & FUEL, telephone 1974. M. L. & P. Patterson, corner of Los Angeles and First streets. Bottom prices guaranteed.

DRINK JOHN WIELAND or FREDERICKSBURG Lager Beer, on tap at all first-class places.

CHEESE, Roquefort, Swiss, &c., Stephen's

ates of the club; and that the secretary be instructed to forward a copy of the same to her sorrow-stricken husband."

The matter of holding another Tournament of Roses next New Year's day came up for discussion and with unanimous approval. No definite action was taken, but it was decided to make the event eclipse all previous efforts in the direction.

CAMP WILSON JOINTINGS.

The weather is perfect, the thermometer averaging 75° at midday.

Judge Wilson of Los Angeles is among the late arrivals.

Memorials, Conger and Hertel are reported to Pasadena.

Mr. Harry Siegel of Los Angeles is again accompanied by his wife and two daughters.

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Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

U. S. WEATHER OFFICE, LOS ANGELES
Aug. 27, 1892.—At 5 a.m. the barometer registered 29.93; at 5 p.m. 29.86. The mercury was at 70°, 71°, 72°, 73°, 74°, 75°, 76° and 68°. Maximum temperature, 77°; minimum, 59°. Character of weather, partly cloudy.

Every home, to have comfort, should have a few pictures on the walls. These can be obtained at Sanborn, Vall & Co.'s in endless variety and at all prices. Aside from their fine stock of framed pictures, they carry a complete stock of etchings, engravings and fac similes by the best artists. They also carry a complete line of moulding, and the greatest care is exercised in selecting the subjects for all kinds of pictures. Their stock is complete in the following styles: Gold, silver, white, gold, ivory, and all kinds of hard woods. Sanborn, Vall & Co., No. 133 South Spring street.

There will be a free sacred concert this evening at Simpson Chapel on Main street, next to the Tabernacle. The organist, F. P. Scarborough, Miss Grace Milltimore, Miss Lizzie Kimball, Mrs. Carlisle, Miss Maud Cullen, Messrs. Dupuy and Wallace of the Futerup Quartette, and others, assisted by a church choir. The instrumental part of the programme has been carefully prepared and is quite a feature of the concert. A collection will be taken for the benefit of the concert fund.

Thirty head of beauties Sheland and Scott will be entered for the competition next Monday, August 29th, at the O. K. stables on Main, between Second and Third streets. These ponies are all imported or from imported stock. Purchasers will find a variety of colors, ages and sizes to select from, also saddle and harness. Pairs can be selected. Ladies are especially invited, as seats will be provided for them. Sale to commence at 10 a.m., sharp. M. E. McAfee, auctioneer.

Smart's Music store, No. 339 South Spring street, offers some advantages to buyers not common in Los Angeles. The stock of instruments, musical merchandise and sheet music, besides being complete in all departments, is entirely new—nothing shorn-off or out of date. The old stock was sold at a sacrifice, and the new store was opened. Smart's is headquarters for the matchless Emerson and Sterling pianos, also for 10-cent sheet music.

Los Angeles has two new citizens, Dr. R. F. Burgess of Santa Ana and J. J. Hummel of Oceanside. The former has formed a partnership with Petty & Hummel, the employment agents. The new firm, under the name of Petty, Hummel & Co., have purchased the business of Martin & Co., and thus now practically control the employment business of Southern California.

Five dollars for the round trip to San Diego Saturday and Sunday, tickets good returning Monday; \$2.05 for the completed circuit of the Kite-shaped Track on Sunday. Train leaves the Santa Fe depot, foot of First street, at 8:30 a.m., 9:30 a.m. and 3:05 p.m. for the circuit of the Kite at 8:30 and 11 o'clock a.m.

Call and see our sets of teether celluloid, gold trimmings. Made by Dr. Charles A. White, the celebrated Philadelphia dentist, who has invented the new teether, and is tracing by his famous anesthetic Spring street, between Third and Fourth streets, popliteo Hotel Ramona. Photo on cards.

The following are the Sunday trains on the Terminal Railway to the sea-side—

Sunday	Aug. 28	9:00 a.m.	12:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	5:30 p.m.
Leave East San Pedro (Terminal Island)	9:15	11:15 a.m.	12:55	4	7 p.m.

Fare only 50 cents round trip.

Both the electric and cable cars now run through to the beach. The First street station of the Southern California Railway (Santa Fe Route). One cent fare enables patrons from all connecting electric and cable car lines to reach the Santa Fe depot.

Ten million dollars is a large sum. It only costs four bits for the round trip to Redondo or Santa Monica, via the Southern California Railway. Santa Fe route, on Saturday or Sunday, tickets good for return on Monday. See time table for extra Sunday.

Those desiring to furnish board and rooms, or rooms only, to Normal School pupils for the school year beginning September 6, 1892, are requested to notify the preceptress at the Normal building, Tuesday afternoon, August 30, from 1 to 6 p.m.

Wm. Son's music store, No. 327 South Spring street, headquarters for musical instruments, sheet music, music-books, etc. Standard and White sewing-machines. Williamson Bros., No. 26 South Spring street, agents for the

Remember the Sunday excursion to Catalina has over five hours on the island. Train leaves Santa Fe depot, foot of First street at 9 a.m., returning, reaching Los Angeles 10:45 p.m. Round trip \$2.50, ticket price 50 cents.

Strain's Cigar, Wilson's Peak. Accommodations first-class. Take Santa Fe train to Santa Anita (Sierra Madre). Bus meets all trains for foot of trail, where burros and mules can be had. A. G. Strain, proprietor. Sierra Madre postoffice.

John Neigen, last of Gordan Bros., will open his architect's office and apartment at No. 116 North Spring street on Saturday, September 3. Mr. Neigen opens with a new line of the latest styles for fall and winter wear.

Los Angeles to Long Beach and return 50 cents, and San Pedro and return 50 cents, on going Saturday or Sunday, and returning Saturday Sunday and Monday.

First Baptist Church, corner Sixth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Collins of the Third Congregational Church will preach at 11 a.m. Sunday morning at 9:30. Young people will be present at 6:30 p.m.

Today we will have half rates to all local points on the Southern Pacific, where time table will be found in this paper. All of the street car lines take passengers for the Southern Pacific depots.

Rev. A. Smith of the Temple Street Church, will preach at 11 a.m. upon "The Holy Spirit"; at 7:45 he will lecture on "The Christian Endeavor Movement." All endeavorers invited.

An announcement of classes in Christian Science to be taught by Rev. Frank E. Mason, pastor of the First Church of Christ (Scientist) of Brooklyn appears in advertising columns.

"The Flood a Parable," or "Noah's Ark and Ours," Lecture Sunday afternoon by Rev. George W. Savory at 3 o'clock in Temperance Temple, Temple street and Broadway.

Rev. E. R. Brainard, formerly pastor at the Park Church, this city, will preach this morning and evening at the First Congregational Church, corner Hill and Sixth streets.

The usual attractions at Terminal Island Sunday. Finest bathing on the Coast. Swimming, rowing, sailing, fishing. Fine fish dinners. Fare only 50 cents round trip.

Gas stoves with atmospheric burners. Seventy-five per cent of air is used. A three-burner is only \$7.50. Combination at F. E. Browne's, No. 314 South Spring.

Charles Niles, an insurance man, and George A. Haskell, a merchant, both residents of Boyle Heights, got into a dispute over money matters yesterday at the City

RAILROAD AFFAIRS.

Southern Pacific Telegraphers are Preparing Demands.

There Will Be No Hurry About Reducing Freight Rates.

The Cut in Passenger Rates Here and Up North.

A Low Rate for the State Fair—Some Stories About a Man and a Pass—Local and General Railroad Notes.

The San Francisco Examiner of Friday prints these little pass stories in its Local column: "Mr. Burnham has had a little experience with railroad passes, and he is the one man living who accepted a pass and subsequently paid the railroad company for his transportation. In 1869 Mr. Stanford gave him a pass to Ogden, and return, and this pass Mr. Burnham used for part of his transportation to Washington and back to California. His trip was for the Government, and some time after his return the Government paid his expenses. He went immediately to Mr. Stanford and handed him \$100 to pay for the transportation to Ogden and return. That is like finding \$100," said Mr. Stanford as he took the money. Mr. Burnham had another experience with a railroad pass. He procured, some four years ago from Mr. Crocker, a pass to Virginia City for a poor man named Benham. As far as Sacramento Mr. Benham traveled on that pass and in that city he fell dead. The pass, which was found in his possession, was returned to Mr. Crocker."

SCRAP REPORT.

The Southern Pacific pay car is due to arrive from the North today.

W. H. Greer, of the Southern Pacific, is here from the North visiting his mother.

The Southern Pacific will soon build a number of new refrigerator cars at the Sacramento shops.

A special train of twenty cars of ice from Truxee arrived in Los Angeles over the Southern Pacific yesterday afternoon.

The Southern Pacific Company will soon replace the two wooden bridges over Echelchep Creek with substantial iron structures, each 250 feet in length.

Charles E. Gillon, for a time a popular conductor on the Main Street and Agricultural Park Railroad, has been given a position in the office of W. J. Baderick, president of the road.

The passenger agents in San Francisco are to be giving a cut of \$10 to tickets to the East. Los Angeles agents might possibly, do almost as well if there were any travelers to practice upon.

By the action of the Transcontinental Association in New York the Southern Pacific Company is given more time to prepare for cutting the rates. In the meantime the shippers who are holding back their freight until the low rates go into effect may possibly lose a market.

Land sales of the Southern Pacific Company for the month of August amounted to less than \$10,000 as against \$45,000 for the same month last year. The July sales are the lowest in the history of the company, though the present month will probably show a still further reduction.

Assistant General Passenger Agent J. M. Crawley of the Southern Pacific Company announces that his company will, during the State fair at Sacramento next month put in a rate of one dollar for the first 500 miles of travel in Southern California. This will make the cost of a round trip \$15 for the round trip. Tickets will be sold from September 3 to 17, and be valid over the

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ELEVENTH YEAR.

BABIES, 14,000.

The Biggest Baby Farm in the World.

Frank Carpenter Finds It in the Heart of Russia.

How the Great Moscow Foundling Asylum is Managed.

And How It Has Nursed More Than a Million of Infants—An Institution Which Is Kept Up by the State.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

Moscow (Russia), Aug. 7, 1892.—The biggest baby farm in the world is here at Moscow. It costs \$500,000 a year to run it, and it has an annual crop of 14,000 babies. It has a branch farm at St. Petersburg, which turns out a yearly harvest of 8000 more, and since its foundation it has sent out into the country districts of this empire more than 3,000,000 squalling infants. I saw last week 800 babies under four weeks old in the St. Petersburg institution, and as I write this letter 1800 little ones are sucking out their evening meal within the walls of the establishment here at Moscow. The Moscow



A village cradle.

foundling asylum is an imperial institution. It was founded by Catherine II, one of the loudest and the liveliest of the empresses of Russia. It is built today by a tax on playing cards. All of the cards used in Russia are made by the government. Their importation is prohibited under heavy penalties, and every gambler and every card party has to contribute to the support of this institution. The servants of the Czar in the royal red livery stand at its doors and its accounts are looked over by the officers of the treasury department. It is in fact a model among the baby hospitals of Europe, and the scenes within it are such as you can see nowhere else in the world.

This big Moscow foundling asylum lies within a stone's throw of the Kremlin, where the most sacred of all Russia's great churches stand. It is on the banks of the Moscow River and in the very heart of this city of 800,000 people. The buildings are vast four-story structures built in the shape of a hollow square, about a garden which contains, perhaps, an acre of trees and lawn, into which, on these bright summer days, the children are brought to take the air. I visited the establishment this afternoon. The gorgeous imperial servant, in his red and gold livery, took my card at the big front door and a long-gowned shock-headed boy ran with it to one of the matrons. I was directed to the door of the garden and a trim little lady of perhaps 35 years took me in charge and showed me over the whole institution. She spoke a little English and much German and she talked about the babies as we walked through the garden. This garden was cut up by long, wide and well-sodded paths, and these walks were filled with the nurses and their babies. Each baby had her own wet nurse, and along each walk were two lines of these nurses, each with a baby at her breast, and the whole garden was filled with such sights. There were hundreds upon hundreds of these nurses—burly young peasant girls of 16 years old and upward, all dressed in their best clothes, for it was Sunday afternoon, and all wearing the picture caps of the institution. These caps are nurses' caps of blue, green or red, which are as full as Tam O'Shanter's cap at the top, but which is tight about the forehead. The caps are set rather on the back of the head, so as not to hide the forehead. The dresses of these hundreds of maiden nurses are cut low at the neck, and standing at one end of one of these walks you look along a line of 800 white necks shining out under these



Russian nurse.

bright caps and bordered by white yokes from which fall gown fall as to show the swelling of these 800 busts. Half of the girls have babies sucking milk from their white-breasted and the other half have little swaddled infants who have had their fill and are taking a rest or are sleeping in their nurses' arms. At first you cannot notice the dresses for the interest you take in the nurses and babies and their feeding, but as you grow used to this you note that each girl's dress is much the same. The sleeves fall on the shoulder, the shorts are short and leave the arms bare to the hips. The waists are full and half open at the front and the skirts gathered in at the waist, are short and do not reach to the ankles. The caps are of different colors, but of the same shape, and the girls are of all types of Russian beauty and homeliness. Hundreds of the mare

blondes, and the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed beauties of the northern provinces are well represented. Elsewhere you see the rosy cheeks that you find along the Neva and Upper Volga, and here and there you see the dark eyes and brunettes faces which are found further south. As I stood upon the steps, at one end of the garden, I could see fully 1000 of these girls in the garden below me. Think of it! A thousand Russian Madonnas—not in oil or water colors, but in living, glowing flesh and blood—each doing the Madonna act in earnest and in truth, a thousand babies performing their part in the picture; and all this under one of the brightest skies and in one of the prettiest gardens of the world. It was, indeed, a sight worth coming to Russia to see.

As we walked through the garden the nurses saluted us. The young matron bowed to them and we raised our hats as we entered one of the walks, and at that moment the 100 red and blue caps bowed down to us. The girls bow from the waist and not with a nod of the head, as we do. They are not ashamed of their business, and they hold up their caps for us to look at as we pass. The nurses seem to be fond of their babies, and I would like to know, if I can, just how one of these Russian babies is cared for. Behind each nurse along these walks stood a little iron crib, and these cribs are smaller than any baby cribs you have ever seen. They stand on iron legs, but they are not as big as the average family clothes basket, and they are about two feet wide, three feet long and two feet deep. Each baby has a crib to itself, and there were, I was told, 1800 cribs standing in the garden at the time I visited it. In some of the cribs babies were lying. They were on soft mattresses like their little heads, many of which seemed to me no bigger than a baseball, upon little pillows, and over them were drawn nets to shield their red faces from the too ardent kisses of the wind. They look most comfortable, and I venture you could get nowhere in the world 1000 babies all under 4 weeks old, who would make less noise than these 1000 odd Russian babies were making.

Here and there about the grounds I noted tables on which the babies were laid when their nurses wished to rearrange them and their clothes. All the little ones were handled. The tables, which were about four feet square, had padded tops, and as I saw the dressing going on I looked in vain for safety pins and the other little tortures which I have seen in American baby dressing. The baby is wrapped around in soft linen clothes, its legs being close together and its little red body swaddled up till it looks for all the world like a big rag baby, with the exception of where its little red face and its bright eyes peer out of the white linen. As I looked at this baby being dressed I asked the young matron if it was a red and "bottle babies" on the grounds, and if some of the babies were not brought up by hand." A look of horror and disgust came over her face, and she replied that they did not consider such methods of baby farming good or right, and that each baby had its own nurse. She had apparently never heard of our patent baby foods, and the pretty faces of the

babies which appear as the result of particular combinations in our magazine advertisements would surprise her. The Russian babies of this institution know nothing of "one cow's milk" or "Gail Borden's eagle brand" or barley water, and they get through the infancy without being experimented upon by doctors and parents.

A great part of the establishment is on the cottage plan. The babies sleep on the ground floor, and at the end of each nurse's bed stands one of the little cribs. They are never allowed to sleep with their nurses, and the greatest care is taken that all of the surroundings should be healthy. The rooms are well ventilated, and there are rooms in which prematurely born babies are kept, which are, as it were, incubating rooms. These are heated by steam and are kept at what I judge is about seventy degrees. It is the same with the hospital rooms and the sick rooms taken to cooler and cooler rooms as they recover from sickness. In the incubating rooms I saw a score or so of babies in copper tubs, so made that hot water running around their double walls kept the interior at almost blood-heat. In these were babies born two or three months before their time. These were wrapped in cotton, and they hardly seemed alive, but I could note the quivering of their eyelids as the matron opened the glass tops of the tubs. The most of these cases are, I am told, successful, and I judge that a baby has any chance for a existence when it comes here it lives. The babies are washed once a day in bathtubs of copper, and I noted that in the bottom of each tub there was a pillow on which the baby was placed, and that its sides were padded with soft flannel.

About fifty new babies are received on the average by this institution every day, and all babies are taken and no questions asked. They are sometimes left with the story of the institution, but more often are given to their mothers or some friend. If the mother has a name for the child she writes it on a card and this name is given it, and at the same time it is registered with a number and a corresponding number is given to the mother. This number is written on a little round tag of bone, and it is tied around the neck of the child, and by this number it goes in the institution. If the mother wants it again she can bring back her check and get her baby, and she can claim it at any time up to the age of ten years. The babies are kept in this institution only two weeks, and after this time the nurses who are in charge of them take them to their homes in the villages and there bring them up. Each nurse gets \$1 a month for each baby, and she is to

babies,

and

nurses,

and

babies,

and

PRESIDENTIAL CAREERS.

Successes and Reverses, Victories and Defeats Recalled.

Uneasy Lies the Head of the White House.

Lincoln, Johnson and the Reconstruction Period.

Grant's First and Second Term—Arthur's Accidental Elevation—Blaine and Garfield—Cleveland and Harrison.

Contributed to The Times.

Volumes have been written on the vicissitudes of royalty, but the reverses of Presidents have been as disastrous, and sometimes as tragic, as any in the annals of emperors, or sultans, or czars. We have had twenty-three Presidents since 1789, and out of these Lincoln and Garfield were assassinated, Johnson was impeached, Madison was driven from his capital by foreign troops and saw the Executive Mansion burned by the invaders; Buchanan closed his career in the midst of rebellion and civil war, with a rival usurping sway over a third of the territory of the Union; Lincoln passed his entire term in sight of hostile armies threatening the existence of the Government; the title of Hayes was denied by half the Nation as long as he remained in office, and is often disputed still; Monroe and Jefferson died in poverty, the objects of charity, public or private; Grant became a bankrupt in his old age and saw his business partners sentenced to a felon's prison for fraud.

Of lesser calamities—Harrison and Taylor died early in their terms, and like Lincoln and Garfield, were succeeded by men who could never have been elected to the office. The elder and the younger Adams, Van Buren and Cleveland, were all rejected by the people when they offered themselves for reelection, and only seven of the entire twenty-three received a second term, though with the exception of Buchanan and Hayes, every President who lived to the end of his first term made strenuous efforts to secure a second. Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur, the four Vice Presidents who succeeded to the death, each was eager to become a candidate at the polls, but each was repudiated by his party and no one of them allowed to go before the people at all. Uneasy lies the head at the White House—as uneasy as any that wears a crown.

Next appeared one of the most extraordinary figures of modern history, Lincoln, as every one knows, rose from the lowest stratum of society. He was ignorant and uncouth, and lived the life of the hobo until he arrived at manhood, leaving traces of his rags in addition to the last. He had not displayed at the time of his elevation any qualities entitling him to such distinction, or to make the Nation suppose him equal to his terrible responsibilities. He was selected by intrigue and bargain; from motives of personal revenge and party advancement. Without Greeley's hate and Cameron's traffic he never could have obtained the nomination over the leader of his party, the spokesman and founder of Republicanism. The country was ignorant almost of him, and he was untried in affairs, unlearned in everything. But he rose to every situation. He battled with one of the greatest emergencies in all history; he was the rival of the great soldiers and statesmen of the North as well as the antagonist of those of the South; he mastered the profounder intellects in his Cabinet, those of Seward, Chase and Stanton; he defeated Greeley and Frémont, the favorites of his party; he overthrew McClellan and a crowd of unsuccessful aspirants, and came out the victorious ones, Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, in political as well as in military affairs. He had the bitterest antagonisms in his own party to contend with; those whose support was indispensable to him was constantly obliged to check and restrain; the very men who now affect to speak in his name were most hostile to him in his lifetime; those who claim the glory of his achievements from first to last gave him no credit; they tied his hands and fettered his movements; he had harder work to manage Republicans than Democrats, and the North gave him almost as much trouble to control as the South did to conquer.

His renomination, even at the crisis of the war, was violently opposed by Sumner, Chase, Wade, Greeley and Frémont, and others of the most prominent Northerners; and, though they fell into line at last, there were thousands of votes for his rival cast in the Union camps. When one reflects that the entire race of the Nation was at stake, and that the Democrats had declared war a failure, the fact that nearly 2,000,000 votes were polled against the Chief of the State is remarkable. The unanimity we now talk of did not exist then.

Lincoln was intensely anxious about his reelection; he was an adroit politician and feared the rivalry of his generals as well as of his ministers, of Frémont as well as Chase. He took means to ascertain that Grant would not endeavor to supersede him. He checked Grant when the latter seemed willing to negotiate with Lee, and the only bitter thought Grant ever had toward his superior was when he received a message rebuking him for presuming to consider terms of peace.

Then, by the mockery of fate, Lincoln, who had borne the burden and heat of the war, was murdered in the moment of victory and Johnson succeeded. His lot was more unfortunate still. Quarreling with the party that had elected him for a different purpose to a different place, he who had been sturdily loyal in war, found himself at peace at the head of the Government and opposed to those who had accomplished its salvation. He was honest in his political belief and so far was patriotic and pure; but he did his country almost as much harm as Jefferson Davis himself; he put back reconstruction and pacification for years; he awoke the latent and antagonistic forces of the South after they had been subdued, and roused the North to a harsher measure than would ever have been adopted but for his obstinacy. The whole carpet-bag system is directly chargeable to him and his injurious course, and the disasters he brought upon the South are not yet entirely removed.

His personal misfortunes were conspicuous. Alone of our Presidents was he impeached by the House of Representatives and tried by the Senate, and only escaped conviction because a two-thirds majority was required; it was his deposition was avoided by the defection of Republican Senators. The very Cabinet of his successor had been elected; and on the day before the vote was taken I was present at a conference on this subject between Wade, the man who expected to succeed him, and Grant, the candidate of the Republicans, who did succeed him a few months

THE RIVERS OF STONE.

By Charles F. Lummis.

Contributed to The Times.

If a line were drawn from Lake Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico at Galveston, approximately halving the United States, and we could have these two halves on a small enough scale to compare them side by side, we should find that nature herself had already made a striking division. We would find such a difference between them as we now scarcely realize.

Broadly speaking we should discover the eastern half to be low, rather flat, wooded and wet; the western half many times as high above sea level, extremely mountainous, generally bare and phenomenally dry. Its landscapes are more brown than green, its ranges barren and far more bristling than those of the East, and its plains vast uplands.

REGION OF WIZARD AIR.

Its very air is as different from that of the eastern half as white is different from gray. It is many times lighter and many times clearer, and incomparably drier. It is a sort of wizard air, which plays all sorts of good-natured tricks upon the stranger. Delightful to breathe, real tonic to the lungs, a stimulant to the skin, it seems to delight in fooling the eyes. Through its magic clearness one sees three times as far in the heavier atmosphere of the East; and the stranger's estimates of distance

Then came Grant's famous struggle for a third term, the fierce contest with Blaine, and the nomination of Garfield, another instance that in a republic a second-rate man stands a better chance than a great one. To fall back on Garfield from Grant and Blaine was preposterous, but so the party decided; and Grant and Blaine both took their places behind their inferior. Both supported him warmly in the canvass; they elected him over Hancock, and then quarreled over the division of the spoils. The events that followed are recent history; the defense of the Garfield by the Blaine, the defeat of Conkling, the murder of Garfield after six short months filled with partisan brawls and bodily suffering—a pitiable Presidential career.

Then came another dramatic change. Arthur, a petty politician, was suddenly elevated to the Presidency, dismissing Blaine from his Cabinet, offering Conkling a Supreme Court judgeship, and dispensing or refusing favors to Grant. His efforts for a renomination, like those of all other Vice-Presidents who came in by a death, failed miserably. Blaine, who had been driven from his Cabinet, was nominated over his head, and Arthur never recovered from the humiliation. He lingered a few months and died of chagrin.

In 1884 Blaine was nominated at last; but, like his predecessors, Clay and Webster and Calhoun, the great statesmen of a previous generation, he was destined to serve in the cabinets of other and inferior men, but never to make up one of his own. He had been twice defeated in convention, and now was defeated at the polls, though only by a narrow majority in the State of New York.

Cleveland, the first Democratic President in twenty years, had a quiet term, and was renominated by acclamation, but defeated by the younger Harrison. The actual President, as every one knows, was first nominated after a general mêlée. Blaine having declined to be a candidate. He invited Blaine to a place in his Cabinet, and the story is fresh in men's minds of the rivalry between President and Secretary. He was selected by intrigue and bargain; from motives of personal revenge and party advancement. Without Greeley's hate and Cameron's traffic he never could have obtained the nomination over the leader of his party, the spokesman and founder of Republicanism. The country was ignorant almost of him, and he was untried in affairs, unlearned in everything. But he rose to every situation. He battled with one of the greatest emergencies in all history; he was the rival of the great soldiers and statesmen of the North as well as the antagonist of those of the South; he mastered the profounder intellects in his Cabinet, those of Seward, Chase and Stanton; he defeated Greeley and Frémont, the favorites of his party; he overthrew McClellan and a crowd of unsuccessful aspirants, and came out the victorious ones, Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, in political as well as in military affairs. He had the bitterest antagonisms in his own party to contend with; those whose support was indispensable to him was constantly obliged to check and restrain; the very men who now affect to speak in his name were most hostile to him in his lifetime; those who claim the glory of his achievements from first to last gave him no credit; they tied his hands and fettered his movements; he had harder work to manage Republicans than Democrats, and the North gave him almost as much trouble to control as the South did to conquer.

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The great difference between the East and West is that the latter is a volcanic country and nearly all the striking dissimilarities of air, climate, landscape and even customs of the people due to this fact.

The West has been heated up by the fire, and cooled down by the ice.

The rainfall is far less than in the East, and to make their crops grow the Western farmers flood their fields several times in a season.

Clouds and weather—Average number of cloudless days, 17; average number of partly cloudy days, 12; average number of cloudy days, 1.

Wind—the prevailing winds have been from the west. The highest velocity of the wind during any September was twenty-eight miles on September 16, 1882.

Several buyers have been through the country hunting up green fruit for canning purposes. From \$20 to \$25 have been paid for peaches and quite a number of carobs have been shipped to Los Angeles and Colton. This goes to prove that a cannery located in Ventura would be a source of much profit to the fruit-growers living here and would pay for the investment.

The range is covered with a magnifi-

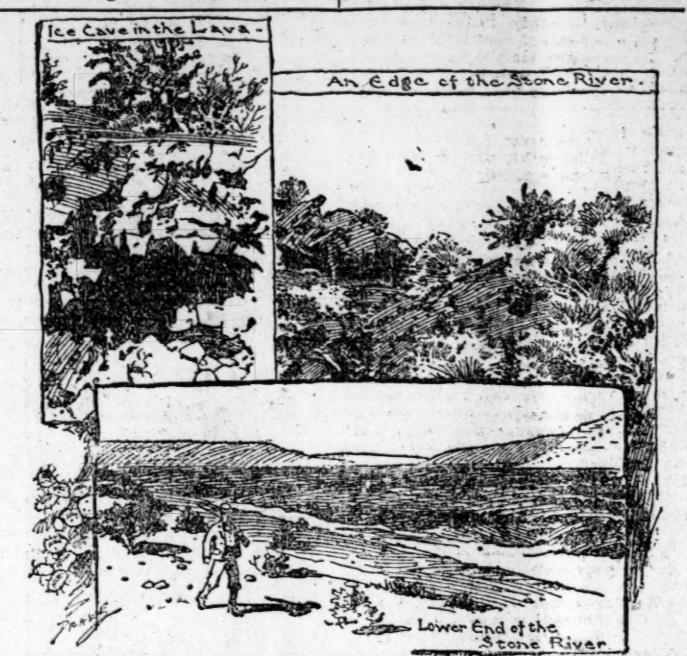
cent pine forest—a rare enough thing in the Southwest—partly growing upon ancient flows and cut in all directions by later ones. The soil everywhere is poor, with jagged fragments of lava which are very irksome, and in the picturesquely Zuni Canyon, which traverses the range, is a singular sight—where the lava, too impudent to wait outlet by a crater, boiled out in great waves from out under the bottom of the cession's walls, which are sandstone precipices hundreds of feet high.

HARD CLIMB.

The largest crater in this range is about two miles south of the lonely little ranch-house at Agua Fria. It is a great, reddish-brown truncated cone, rising about 500 feet above the plateau, and from three sides looks very regular and round. Around it are the tall pines, and a few have even straggled up its sides.

To the top of that crater is one of the very hardest climbs I know—the ascent of Pike's Peak did not tire me nearly so much.

The whole cone is covered, several feet deep, with coarse, sharp volcanic ash, or rather cinders—for each fragment is as large as the tip of one's finger. The slope is of extreme steepness, and this loose covering of scoria makes ascent almost hopeless. The climber sinks half-deep at every step; and, worse still, at every step he sets the whole face of the slope, for a rod around, to sliding down hill. No one can go straight up that arduous pitch; one has to climb sideways and in zig-zags and with frequent pauses for breath and it is a decided relief mental as well as physical, when one stands at last upon the rim of the giant bowl.



have all to be made over again. It is an uncommon thing for the traveler to deem an object but five miles off when it is nearly twenty miles or even more.

A still more startling trick of this strange atmosphere makes one think that it very frequently makes one see things that he does not see. It is a curious power that this atmospheric fraud, which you know as the mirage, is confined to dry countries—deserts, in fact—and that the illusion it most commonly presents is water. Towns and mountains and animals are sometimes pictured; but oftentimes it is a counterfeit of water that is shown the weary traveler in a land where there is no water.

The very landscape under this wonderful air has an appearance to be found nowhere else. It is a million tons of rock exactly like one great "clinker" from a furnace and you get some idea of it. Tall, weird cliffs of the same roasted rock surround the crater a hundred feet below the rim; and below these again is the long, swift slope of scoria to the V-shaped bottom.

Under the eastern cliff is a strange misplaced little grove of cottonwood, which can ill afford to stand in that gully, spout its roots clutching amid the ash rocks, their tops hundreds of feet below the rim.

CRATER ROCK LAWN.

The whole rock is cooled to an absolute cinder, and is more jagged than anything familiar to the East—imagine a million tons of rock exactly like one great "clinker" from a furnace and you get some idea of it. Tall, weird cliffs of the same roasted rock surround the crater a hundred feet below the rim; and below these again is the long, swift slope of scoria to the V-shaped bottom.

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CRATER BEARS AND WILDCATS.

Here and there in the cliffs are wild, dark-mouthed caves; and from these long, narrow, irregular fissures, the slope of cinders. They look like tracks across a sandbank—and tracks they are, though one would never look for tracks in such a forbidding chasm.

Oddly enough, this dead crater is the chosen retreat of more than one form of life. There are no other cottonwoods in a great many miles except the one I have mentioned—outside the crater it is too cold for this shivering tree. And this same grim shelter has been chosen by one of the least delicate of animals, for these tracks are bear tracks. Several of these big brutes in the caves of the crater and of the lava-flows outside.

THE FURNISHING OF THE PAVILION.

Let us enter the pavilion with Dr. Graucher. To the left of the waiting-room is the laboratory with hydrants on the white walls, tables with chloro-formed animal cases, and a microscope on a stand.

James Losmore of Los Angeles sends in specimens of orange quince, weighing seventeen ounces each.

Levi Lovecock sends from Chatsworth the Kent, a new variety of peach.

F. G. Butler of Signal Hill sent in a supply of yellow Kelseys, plums and quince for the Long Beach table.

James Losmore of Los Angeles sends in specimens of orange quince, weighing seventeen ounces each.

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In spite of all the experiments tried to find some preservative fluid which will keep the natural color of the fruit, none has yet been discovered, and yesterday Mr. Wiggins was trying some new methods suggested by the State Board of Agriculture, which he has recommended by a pamphlet on preserving fruits high in sugar content.

The rainfall is far less than in the East, and to make their crops grow the Western farmers flood their fields several times in a season.

As we go south this volcanic condition becomes more and more predominant.

The vast Southwest is a strongly volcanic country and covered with embers of its old fires. There are no active volcanoes in the United States, but in the Southwest there are "shoals" of extinct volcanoes which are often as high as 10,000 feet above the sea level, yet so elevated that the top of such a cone is frequently much higher above the sea level than the summit of Mt. Washington.

Of the many volcanic regions I have explored, one of the most interesting is in the Zuni Mountains of Western New Mexico, and along their slopes. All through the range—whose tops are over 8000 feet in altitude—are scattered scores of extinct volcanoes, and their lava-flows have over-run many thousands of square miles.

The range is covered with a magnifi-

PASTEUR'S PAVILION.

The Office and Home of the Famous Healer.

Description of the Process of Inoculation for Rabies.

A Glimpse at Pasteur's Personality—Comedies of the Pavilion.

His Lieutenant, Dr. Graucher—Furnishings of the Pavilion—Pen Picture of Monsieur Pasteur—A Great Blessing to Mankind.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

PARIS, Aug. 14.—In the early hours of the forenoon, day after day, a crowd of 150 persons and upward assemble in the waiting-room, a spacious hall papered in dark green and wainscoted in pale oak—of Dr. Pasteur's pavilion, which is a one-story, detached house, standing at right angles to the main building of the Ecole Normale on the Rue d'Ulm.

If the weather is favorable, the largest crater in this range is about two miles south of the lonely little ranch-house at Agua Fria. It is a great, reddish-brown truncated cone, rising about 500 feet above the plateau, and from three sides looks very regular and round. Around it are the tall pines, and a few have even straggled up its sides.

To the top of that crater is one of the very hardest climbs I know—the ascent of Pike's Peak did not tire me nearly so much.

The whole cone is covered, several feet deep, with coarse, sharp volcanic ash, or rather cinders—for each fragment is as large as the tip of one's finger. The slope is of extreme steepness, and this loose covering of scoria makes ascent almost hopeless. The climber sinks half-deep at every step; and, worse still, at every step he sets the whole face of the slope, for a rod around, to sliding down hill. No one can go straight up that arduous pitch; one has to climb sideways and in zig-zags and with frequent pauses for breath and it is a decided relief mental as well as physical, when one stands at last upon the rim of the giant bowl.

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TO THE TOP OF THE CRATER.

The largest crater in this range is about two miles south of the lonely little ranch-house at Agua Fria. It is a great, reddish-brown truncated cone, rising about 500 feet above the plateau, and from three sides looks very regular and round. Around it are the tall pines, and a few have even straggled up its sides.



When a man has a lot in a town adjoining big brown stone buildings that leap up into the atmosphere and make nests for eagle birds, and then chunks up onto said real estate a measly one-story pile of brick that shames every presentable edifice within range, something ought to be done to the man that acts that way. But when, in addition to that, some enterprising tenderfoot comes along with a desire to decorate the neighborhood with a pile of building material that an architect wants to spread himself on, and offers the one-story builder a lot more for his one-story encumbered lot than the thing is worth, then the man who hangs back and won't sell makes me yearn for a fine, strong, stout, honest fellow who always seemed to the Eagle bird so unfortunate for a town that one-story men should be permitted to buy land. I have my alert eye onto one this moment.

He owns a stretch of frontage not more than three blocks from this outlook, on a street where the broomstick cars sashay forward and back all day long, but he will neither embellish the landscape nor sell it to a fellow with a soul who will. Like a pup in a manger — even a poisoned pup — he squats in the pathway of progress, and makes people hold their noses when they go by.

I would like to sock a claw into an incubus like that!

If you'll penetrate his personality far enough you will find that he lives in a house that has no curtains on the windows, or if they have them they hang away and are nearly ready to drop off their rollers; that his yard is full of weeds, tin cans and shoes that decline to come out; that his front door is along the walk that leads to his front door, and that no clematis, honeysuckle or morning glory vines climb up the pillars of his piazza and have fun with the early sunrise; that his children are shocked, ignorant, ill-mannered and need the hose turned on them; that his wife is a frowsy, frump with a girth that like a Democratic candidate for President; that his buggy-whip wobbles and his horse kickers try to keep in fact you will find him a slob, a chump, an encroachment and an infernal nuisance generally; and if I was an assessor instead of a feathered Prometheus, I would assess his old lot and his unpainted shanty of a house he lives in until it would make him squirm himself to death.

The fact is, a man who owns property should be made to pay taxes in proportion to the price somebody has offered to pay him for it, and if the officials who do the socking-it-to him to the taxpayers will assess with a large A, and a large C, the slobish citizen, who acts as an encumberer will let loose and sell.

This town has some cases of this sort in it that make blemishes on the climate, and joy will not reign on this perch until the assessor gets his grip on them and does the pinching act.

Mr. Assessor, you can't begin attending to this too quick to suit the Eagle bird.

Flowers are just gray — roses and more roses; big, fat, yellow, that let loose on the surrounding vicinity; that light up the lawns with color and sweeten the air with richness — but there are places that they are worked into that they don't fit and I want to be permitted to say so.

For instance:

When a six-foot athlete comes up to the plate and couples onto a baseball bat, preparatory to swiping the globe of horse-hide, rubber stuffing and other ingredients — a bouquet of roses tied with a long pale ribbon don't fit.

When a wistful-breathed toner, who weighs several "stone," as our British brethren have it — comes down to the footlights and lifts up his voice in song with a tone that is flat at one end and sharp at the other, bouquets don't fit him.

In fact, fellow-sufferers, this business of sending set pieces of flowers to actors, singers, baseball sluggers, and others is awfully rank and awfully fat.

You humans ought to stop it.

But there are times when the flower shows are all o. o., and I will give you my ideas about it.

The theater is gay with diamonds and pretty women. The boxes are brimming over with beauty, and the sweet things wear corsage bouquets some place — you know. A singer or a player has come down the stage and is making his prettiest bow, in response to a roar of applause. The flower-garnished creatures tremble the blossoms from their location and with a refreshing spontaneity have a new life. The artist and fire a volley of handclaps after them because he has said something in such a way, or sang something so divinely, that he deserves. Flowers fit in there like a glove.

But go to the theater and see a raft of posies set up in a pile in the orchestra ready to be lifted over the footlights to some particular individual when he gets through his turn, whether he deserves it or not, is in awful taste, and it don't mean a thing in the world.

But there should have some meaning, and if you humans want to get up close to the bird of Freedom who likes to see you behave just about right, don't do that any more.

P.S. — Of course I know all this will have no effect on you humans. I know you will continue to keep doing things that you oughtn't to, but the fowls on the tower has spoken his piece, and here you have it!

I'm David B. Hill,
I am,
And this is my year
To sail yachts and loaf
Where the salt air
Fills the clammy
Brow of
Care.
And let nature take its course.
That fat fellow
At Buzzard's Bay
May fish up every
Worm
In his neighborhood
And write letters
And sweat blood
For all I care a tinker's
Swear word,
But be lights out me.

Meat
Raw.
And don't you forget it!
And we like our
Market.
Fat.
And we know where
There is one
That will set
Onto our appetite
Like
Lamb.
Us tigers.
What has stickers,
Have got 'em
round sharp, and these
Will be fun
In.

York State when
We begin a carvin'
Of
Prophet.

Fat prophet is what
Am a speakin' of
Please don't forget it.
My man Cockran
An' Croker,
They are no chumps—
They are out to
Chicago
Where the wigwam leaked
Onto my braves
And saw
Don Dickinson drag
That dollar prophet's banner
'Round the arena
In
Glee,
And whoop it up out
Of those whisks
Most
Outrageous, and they
Will care also.
They will not only care,
But
They will cut and
Cut deep, you bet!
For our tigers,
We have it in for
The fat
Prophet,
Who does nothing but
Just write letters
And
Fish
And fish and
Fish!

They say — some people do — that the campaign is really wide open and that things are a-poppin', but if I can see any such thing as that I will be blown right off this perch and have my wits all bent up.

Now I call a campaign open when fellow yells "Eah!" for somebody and burn red fire and long torches that smell ugly, and whoop and scrap considerate, and argue on the street corners, and wear big, high hats that don't fit on their heads, join clubs, and wear red things that is too big for 'em and march right in rows, just like "yojo's" — and all the time they are a-marching, and get full and fight more, and then yell some and claw and black eyes, and stay out nights and paint — paint — paint!

THE EAGLE.

ON MY VERANDA.

On the day with sunshine ailed I look,
The air all golden, throbbing in its warmth,
Each breeze winged with soft light, upon
the drowses.

You're never so gally, bunting
So many days, when you're bright day
Seem but a part. The butterflies, either
And brown winged with decks of red, like

Little stars dottin' them, are like jewels on the
Braes drottin'. The roses pour their fragrance.

For the air to drink; the honeysuckle
Leans on its trellis and distills odors
Better than wine; geranium hedges
With a sum rich color, while they from

right
Cover brown fences that have grown old
With years,
With many bays upon their sides, and
Worm-eaten. But the lush, young leaves,
Blossoms,
And climbing stalks hide all of this and
hedge
The old fence round with youth and bright
color;
And beauty filling the eye with gladness,

How blue the sky as I peer upward through
The green vine leaves at it, like a sapphire
Shines far above them, wondrous in clear-
ness.

The emerald grasses at my feet seem
Whispering together, and I catch them
Motion. An undertone of harmony
Shadows touch them lightly as they fall from orange
And palms and graceful peppers. The
ants run to and fro mid sand-built cities,
geranium's scarlet bloom invites the
hummingbird, while, overhead, in the cool
breast of the walnut's boughs
Some glad dinner is full of song. Rip-
pling

Down the glad air it comes and pours itself
into me. Afar the mountains rise,
Those grand and solemn heights kindled
With sun.

And stars. Veiled in purple glory stand they
in the dark, and the moon is vast,
Majestic bulwarks of the world. Do they
Not know the secret of the air, and
tongued

With waterfalls, did we but know their lan-
guage?

Might that not reveal the story of the
Skiest? Could not talk of proud Orion's
Marine head, and with their flinty fingers
Let loose the Ursus Major, and smooth the
Giant's breast of sand Andromeda,
Or tell of fairies, so ruddy,
Faced, so proud a warrior?

I saw one night
The moon rising above the mountains, and
She poured a silver river on their crests,
Or what looked like liquid silver. It was
A narrow stream, like a shining ribbon
On their shoulders, but how it glowed!

There was as if heaven had let down
Its threshold, and one step from the
clouds would take

Us to the skies. O, mountain sun and
stars,

And ever-blooming flowers, and little
Blazing grass, and singing birds amid the
Leafy boughs, and bright-winged butter-
flies.

And bussing bees, and ever-shining skies,
I love ye all. Ye are God's finger prints,
I love ye here and looking at ye all,
I worship him.

ELIZA A. ORS.

Old John Henry.
Old John's jest made of the commonest
stuff.

Old John Henry —
He's tough, like iron — but none too tough —
Too much, though, though, "better than not
enough!"

Says old John Henry,
He does his best, and when his best's bad
He don't feel like it, but he don't get sad —
Old John Henry.

His doctor's jest 't the kindest brand —
Old John Henry.

"A smilin' face and hearty hand,
S'a religion 'at all folks understand."

Says old John Henry.
He's stope up some with the rheumatism,
And he can't no shine on them shoes o'
his.

And his hair hasn't cut, but his eye teeth is!

Old John Henry.

He feeds hisself when the stock's all fed,

Old John Henry
And "sleeps like a babe" when he goes to
bed.

"And dreams o' heaven and home-made
bread."

Says old John Henry.
He ain't reined as he ort to be.

To fit the statutes of poetry.

For his clothes don't fit him, but he fits

me —

Old John Henry.

— JAMES W. WOODSBY.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

I plant my hand and build my beautiful home;
I gather rich power, make low
To me, an emperor to my Little Room,
In pride impudent; in spirit grow;
But passing, lifting heavenward my eyes,
See wider visions than my little world.
I am a man, and I am a man,
The all of me and mine are noiseless whirled,
That I and mine by the stronger will and hand
Are ruled, and in creation's boundless sphere,
Unfit by man, are moved at his command.
To me, the command of my pride, I can't say
Thus humbled, but my pride, I can't say
True peace in sincere work and modest mind.
— L. D. VAN DUSEN in Boston Transcript.

A BACHELOR'S PERIL.

If ever there was a foreordained bachelor, that man was Major Teller. Some men are born to old bachelorthood — others have old bachelorthood thrust on them — and the former class belonged to our major. You could have picked him out in a multitude; if he had been labeled, like an antediluvian fossil or a dried specimen of entomology, he would not have been more easily known in the matter.

He was a dapper, thin little man, something under five feet in height, with a glossy black wig, closely trimmed side whiskers and costume so definitely neat that he reminded you of a shining black cat! He took a Turkish bath in the morning and a Russian bath in the evening; he came home to dinner at 12 precisely, and went to bed at 11 at night, with his boots standing at the foot of his bed and his stockings at the head, and his wig elevated on his gay fixture, and every chair in the room standing at right angles with the wall.

It was high noon on a sparkling, windy March day when Major Teller came home to the antique downtown boarding house where he had vegetated for the last twenty years and went to his own room to brush his wig for the midday meal. Opening the door, he stumbled over an obstacle in the room.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the major, turning very red and recovering his footing with difficulty.

It was Miss Patience Pettigrew on her hands and knees cleaning off the oilcloth at the door.

Now the major was afraid of Patience — afraid of the plump lamb fears the gaunt wolf, or the unoffending robin the fierce hawk. Miss Patience had tall and slender, but she curied herself and wore an artificial rose over her left ear, and sang little whistling tunes to a little spindle legged piano, and firmly believed that if she only waited a little longer she would get married to somebody!

And because the major sat opposite her at the table — Miss Patience helped her widowed sister "keep house" and served out the gravy and sauce — and regarded her artificial rose and bear's grease curl with a sort of fearful fascination. Miss Patience was a woman who had the shrewdest eyes in the room.

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recipe: Beat to a stiff froth the whites of two eggs, stirring into them very gradually two teaspoons of powdered sugar, and two tablespoons of cornstarch; bake on buttered tins fifteen minutes in a warm oven, after flavoring with vanilla.

My cheese straws were quite appetizing and I served them in a cute manner, taking the delicate little brown sticks into bundles, tying with white ribbon and standing in a stack at each plate.

Take two ounces of flour, three ounces grated cheese, the yolk of one egg, and a little salt, and pepper. Mix the flour, cayenne pepper (for it is the best to use), salt, and cheese together, and moisten with the egg; work all into a smooth paste. Roll out on a board and cut into thin strips five inches long and one-eighth of an inch wide. Place in a greased pan and bake ten minutes in the oven till a rich, warm brown.

French coffee is sometimes called merengued coffee. For twelve cups of coffee it took two cups of sweet cream, whipped light with a little sugar. Into the bottom of each cup I put a teaspoon of sugar, mixing with a little boiling milk, then the steamed coffee was poured over it, dropping in a spoonful of the frothed cream, giving it a gentle stir.

And here is the bill of expenses, showing what a \$2.50 gold piece bought:

One soup bone.....	\$.05
Small cup rice, one onion, two spoons sugar.....	.05
Loaf of bread.....	.05
Mayonnaise dressing the same.....	.10
One beef tongue.....	.25
Egg sandwiches, including two dozen eggs, two loaves bread, and three-fourths pounds butter.....	.50
Sherbet.....	.40
Cheese straws.....	.10
French coffee.....	.15
One and three-fourths bolts ribbon.....	.20
Tissue paper.....	.05
Total.....	\$ 2.50

Surely one need never be deterred from giving luncheons if one so dainty and successful can be given for such a mere trifle. I am in favor of these pleasant gatherings now and then, for they draw us into more intimate and friendly relationship, and bind us together socially much more than a grand pretentious dinner where there is far more ceremony and less of reality.

It was a "white ribbon luncheon," and she says of it:

"My handsome mahogany dining-room table, a wedding present from an uncle, occupied the center of the apartment which opened by portieres from the library. The table was daintily spread with a snowy hemstitched cover and a fluffy white china silk scarf, with a simple design of gold Grecian border, formed the central piece. It had been given me for a mantel drapery by my sister Emily, who had served admirably for many table settings."

"At either end was a cut-glass rose bowl, filled with snowy, half-blown roses upon a doily of ferns. In the middle was a flat floral piece of white 'feverfew' and rose-geranium leaves. This design formed a unique imitation of a bow of ribbon, and was simply cut from cardboard and the flowers sewed on.

"The china was a set I rarely used, being that of my grandmother's and in quaint design, the decoration, purple and white old-fashioned passion flowers, with just a suggestion of delicate greenery.

"The after-dinner cups were queer little egg-shell china affairs, with a tiny passion flower at the bottom of each. They were far handsomer than my modern ones, though of nearly the same shape. The handle I tied with narrow white satin ribbon, and the little spoons that accompanied them also had a knot of ribbon. The finger bowl was a mother of pearl one.

"With a pyramid of white grapes from my arbor at the back of the house, and hand-painted favors, I did at odd minutes, being square cards tied in the corners, a white ribbon bow and beneath bearing an old quotation from the 'White Ribbon Birthday Book,' my table setting was complete."

"The menu was very simple, yet all that was necessary, and the advantage of it was that it could all be prepared in the morning without any great tax upon one's time or strength a great thing to be considered by a young wifess who is without servants at command, and relies largely upon her own efforts in the work of preparation. The following comprised the menu:

Grapes
Pot of French Soup
Cold Sliced Beef
Lobster Salad served in paper forms
Egg Sandwiches in squares
Lemon Sherbet in bricks
Snow Balls
Cheese Straws
French Coffee

We will let her tell the story of preparation. Pot of French soup is easily prepared and one of the most delicious of soups. The day before I had a good-sized beef bone with plenty of meat on it, going to the butcher's myself to be sure of a good one. I then took out the marrow, and as I needed a slow fire in the range for another purpose, I placed it in the soup kettle at the back; pouring on about three-fourths cold water. I covered tightly and allowed it to simmer slowly all day long. When it came time to prepare it for lunch the next day, I removed the thick cake of grease from the top and added an onion, previously rehydrated with cloves while the oven was hot, at breakfast, letting it remain in till it was brown. Then I put in a small teacup of rice and a sprig of garlic, and just before serving, a little burnt brown sugar, which gave the soup a rich color and flavor.

The lobster salad was served in tiny, tinted paper baskets, which were only a half hour's work after tea time a few nights before, a rainy evening that made the work particularly bright and fascinating. I found at our office some smooth, white cardboards, and cut them into strips ten inches long and three inches wide with a round piece to fit the bottom. I then pinned the strips around, and caught securely with a stitch or two. On the outside, I had a covering of tinted tissue paper fringed at the top by scissor slashes, a handle being made of white baby ribbon. By the way, one can get nearly any shade or tint now in tissue paper, and the colors I selected were heliotrope, rose color, light blue, moss and sea green, and a half sheet of orange was thrown in. At the bottom of each basket I placed a layer of small cream crackers so the salad would not soil through, then I made a spiral pointed border of long, pointed oyster crackers stuck sideways and protruding around the top of the basket a half inch. In the center of this I dropped a heaping tablespoonful of salad, prepared by chopping the lobster fine, and adding a thick, creamy mayonnaise dressing. These little paper forms were greatly admired, and each guest carried away her basket to use as a bon bon box, for I had taken care to put in an extra paper lining that could easily be removed, thus taking away the fishy smell. The salad was eaten with the with an odd assortment of little spoons—the mustard and salt spoons which were my wedding presents, came in very nicely, and I made up the requisite number by four old-fashioned ones that my mother used when she went to housekeeping.

My egg sandwiches were made with thin-sliced buttered bread, on which in a smooth layer was spread hard-boiled eggs, sliced; the whole liberally sprinkled with celery salt and cut into squares. These were tied with tiny white ribbon which I bought at 12½ cents a bolt of twelve yards.

For the lemon sherbet I used nine lemons, making a lemonade sweetened to taste. After letting it stand a couple of hours I strained and added, just as it commenced to freeze, the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth after standing on the ice till quite cold. I then froze it.

The snowballs were dainty little cakes with which I had always been successful by carefully following this

wrote to her some of the most interesting letters published in that great writer's life. By the Queen's special desire Lady Ponsonby and her daughters live in Windsor Castle itself, and have there a charming suite of apartments in the White Tower, overlooking the great gateway opposite St. George's chapel. Lady Ponsonby's sitting-room is said to have been the prison of the sweet-voiced singer, whose name,

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,
have become immortal among the love lyrics of the English people. Some time ago Lady Ponsonby had all the paper taken off the walls of her boudoir and whitewash scraped away; the result was that several most interesting and unique inscriptions were found on the old gray stone with which the room was lined. Scarce a day passed when

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NOTABLE WOMEN ABROAD.

Miss Gonne, the Irish Patriot—The Cleverest Woman of the Victorian Court. Special Correspondence of The Times.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Miss Maude Gonne is the typical Irish feminine patriot. She recalls both one of the old heroines of the French Revolution and the days when Flora MacDonald risked her life for Bonnie Prince Charlie. Oddly enough, Miss Gonne belongs to a conservative family, her father, a well-known British officer, having been for many years military attaché at St. Pe-

PATERFAMILIAS.

The Father and the Child—The Two Heads of the House. Contributed to The Times.

How Shall a Young Married Woman Get Into Society. Contributed to The Times.

WAYS AND MEANS.

Laure E. Richards. [Copyright, 1892, by the Author.]

Ways and Means.

How Shall a Young Married Woman Get Into Society. Contributed to The Times.

Three qualities beset young American women who are brought up in what for a better word, we will call the ru-

ral districts.

One is shyness, another is self-consciousness, another is a proud, defiant independence, which can degenerate into rudeness easily enough. That Puritan shyness which has been left to the descendants of Ross Standish, is at the root of much which Southerners call "Northern-bred manners."

It is a chip of Plymouth Rock. Those who have dabbled in the affairs of most of these distinguished persons.

Here at home it is no better.

The mother sends the children to school, feeds and clothes them, concerns herself (more or less) about their bodily and spiritual welfare; the father pays the bills, if he can, and asks no questions. This order of things begins with the cradle, and continues, only too often, till the child leaves the home nest altogether.

I was talking the other day with a young man, an intelligent fellow, who was driving me across the country somewhere. He looked weary and complained that his son was ill and he had to leave him alone for the past night or two. Questions naturally followed and finally I asked what the boy's name was. "I believe he calls him Joseph," was the reply. The words, and more especially the tone in which they were spoken, made a deep impression on me. The remoteness, the absolute lack of knowledge or responsibility expressed in those six words, I am powerless to reproduce. It was a typical instance of the kind of indifference shown by many American fathers toward their offspring. It is not an unusual indifference, as a rule these fathers love their children dearly, in their eyes, and are overbearing with sorrow at any loss of them. Only

they have nothing to do with the children. They believe she calls them Joseph, or Thomas, or Mahershalalhashbaz, and they are content with her choice of a name. If he is a "good provider," as they say in our part of the world, the man of the house considers that his part is done and that "she" will do the rest.

Now, in one aspect, it is very pleasant. It shows absolute confidence in the woman of his choice, in her judgment, her taste, her knowledge of all human affairs, but—is it quite fair to the child? Is it fair to the man himself? This is the arrangement that nature intended when she gave every child two parents as its right and heritage?

Self-consciousness also leads a woman to suppose that every one is insulting her, that she is not being treated exactly as she should have been.

Proud, defiant independence will make an excellent soldier; it does not make a graceful woman, of society, for society is the carpet on which we make graceful concessions, rather than a permanent warfare.

A lady, in a certain capital city, once gave a musical, for which tickets were sold. She had always held a very fashionable position, and had perhaps the reputation of being a bit of a socialite. However, she used to attend her husband's parties, and the round North Domes were silvered and fretted by the beams of the moon.

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"business one-third larger than one year ago"

all goods, marked in plain figures and sold for one price and for cash—this business is being conducted on the broadest and most liberal basis.

"largest cloak department in the city—sales equal to the combined sales of all the cloak houses in the city."

"the employees"

In this house for the past six weeks have been taking their vacation; some went to "long beach," others to "santa monica" and "redlands," and some to "catalina," while others enjoyed mountain scenery and took in the great "bear valley," the placid waters, the magnificent and beautiful mountain scenery, the cool and embracing evenings and the beautiful moonlight—we go into a more extended description of "bear valley" and become a little more poetical in our description from the fact that there has been so much secrecy about this most beautiful place—it has been said a great many people have been lost in "bear valley," and only a short time ago a party of seven went out to have a good week's outing; they all lost their compass; he didn't get lost, but the others did, lost in trying to find their way; he was all right—it seems they went into camp, and as is customary in "bear valley," everybody goes fishing, and they generally start out with their pockets full of ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, and in their hands they carry fish-lines and half and a tin cup—one of the party got a little frisky and started out very early in the morning, and when a fellow gets up in "bear valley," he walks further than he thinks for; after a long, weary walk the young man came to a good place to fish, and he was soon catching them as fast as he could bait his hook; he got excited and jumped first one side of the stream and then on the other, and when he had all the fish he wanted he folded up his line and started for camp with his string of fish, but in some way he got started in the wrong direction, and this is how the other fellows all got lost—he was all right; he was in "bear valley" with a big string of fish, and if the other fellows would only find themselves he would come to them right because he's not lost; the other fellows say, "there is a man that has ever lived in canada knows there is only one place better than canadian waters to fish in and that is up in "bear valley"—evening was coming on; the sun had got behind the hills and it was getting cool, and the young man was getting hungry and lonesome; the very name of "bear valley" gave him the shudders, but he was bound to make the best of it until he found the other fellows who got lost from him; he sat down on a rock and put an old gunny sack over his head and shoulders and commenced to nibble away on his ham sandwich and hard-boiled eggs; his only companions were two wildcats and the tracks of an old bear—hour after hour he would pipe out in a loud voice: "8 o'clock and all is well, 9 o'clock and all is well, 10 o'clock and all is well," finally he turned over on his back to sleep to doze, and before he had got sound asleep the other fellows found the place where he was sleeping—they fired off a salute to let him know they had found themselves after a long time of hours—this young man has been very kind and considerate; he has never carped about the other fellows being lost, in fact, he has been as dumb as an oyster, but then we are selling more shoes than ever—in fact, the trade has been so large and we have all been so busy that there has been no time to tell bear stories—there is talk of his publishing a book entitled "how i found the other fellows in "bear valley," or how to tame a pair of wildcats by feeding them on ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs"—bear in mind we are closing out all shoes at prime factory cost—the shoe department has been moved to a lot of tables near the pattern counter—the shoe department has not been lost; they are all there.

"knocking out prices in our big dress goods' department—all-wool crystal 80 cent worth \$1.00—silk all-wool henrietta, \$5.00—all-wool serges, 50c and 60c per yard; all colors; not jobs but new desirable goods—gaining enormously in our dress goods department."

"the other day"

A lady with more than ordinary intelligence and good looks, went to the seashore for an outing; she was to be gone one week; she started out with a limit to time; she took along with her one very large trunk, two valises, one hand-satchel, an umbrella, a parasol and her dog—in the trunk were several wardrobes, face powder, cosmetics, and accessories enough to start a good-size department store—the boy was a good boy, honest and good, and the first thing with the proprietor for "no dogs allowed"—the best room was called for; they were all taken; he gave her the best he had; it was large enough for a bed and a hand-satchel; the trunk was put in the hall—she got a little madder; she took off her hat and slammed it on the bed and knocked it out of shape, and then she sat down and had a good cry, and when she got through she was in no condition to meet her friends at dinner, so she waited until after the dinner hour, got out her drug department and made an effort to patch up her good looks—she was finally made presentable and went down to dinner; it was late and everything was served in a cold state, and soon the waiter got a blowing up; the proprietor came in for a share and the cook was given another going over—apologies would not do; everybody was to blame but herself, and all for the reason that she was crossed in the start; she got mad at first and wanted to stay home all day, and when her mother was ended she came home, looking more like the eye of an english walnut and felt meaner than a bear with a sore ear—the trouble was she didn't start right and her vacation was ruined—it would have been better if the lady had remained at home and avoided our big cloak sale next monday; she would have had the satisfaction of having a nice new cloak and could have gone calling a hundred times during the winter, and when it was all over she would have had an enjoyable time and a good cloak besides.

"a nice, nobby cloak for \$5.00—monday at 9 o'clock..?"

—ladies belts, leather hand bags, leather satchels, \$1.00
extra fine purses, \$1.00
card cases, \$1.00
gold-plated pins, \$1.00
ladies' hose, \$1.00
extra quiet ladies' jersey, ribbed vests 50c; equal to any 75c grade in the city
children's new hats, \$1.00
ladies' silk mull embroidered handkerchiefs, \$1.00
bath towels, \$1.00
best dollar line of all-wool dress goods in the market—all new.

"over 300 pieces"

—new black all-wool dress goods to select from—all wool black goods, 50c, 60c, 65c, 75c, 85c and a dollar a yard—a few extra choice new things for \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50—full and complete line of black silks from 25c up to the finest grades—gaining enormously in our dress goods department—monday at 9 o'clock 500 black sateen blouse waists, 50c each, worth \$1.50—monday at 9 o'clock, on sale in our mammoth cloak room—our cloak room has been doubled in the past week—do your trading with a live house.

—the cloaks that will be sold for \$5 monday at 9 o'clock are all new—they are offered at this price as an advertisement for our mammoth cloak room—this room has been doubled in size during the past week, and we want everybody to come and see our great improvements—we will show you a line of cloaks that never had an equal in this country—five dollars each for the choice of fully 2000 garments.

—gaining trade more rapidly than ever—7-hook kid gloves in all colors and sizes, monday at 9 o'clock, \$1.00 a pair; soft, flexible, fine fitting, excellent wearing; they are worth \$1.50—monday at 9 o'clock for one dollar.

—100 pieces new dress trimmings, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c—prices that catch the popular trade—new Russian hand trimmings, cashmere effects, all at popular low prices.

J. T. SHEWARD,

"business one-third larger than one year ago"

if you buy any goods in this house and feel dissatisfied with your purchase, bring them back in a good merchantable condition and get your money.

"the cloak department equal in sales to the combined sales of all the cloak houses in the city."

"113-115 north spring street."

"two departments in this house are receiving more than the usual amount of attention..?"

—they are the two big departments in any dry goods house; the dress goods department is being pushed to the front—there is a power in advertising when it is done right; advertising to be effective must be made a matter of news; it must be original; it must be written so the people will hanker after it as much as a disappointed politician hankers after crow—people may dislike your advertising the same as a politician dislikes crow, but they look to it, shut their eyes and swallow it down—when a preacher gets up in the pulpit and gives some hard knocks to his congregation, and he points his finger first in one direction and then in another, every man and woman in the congregation thinks he is personal and winces under his sarcasm; it goes home—you take a minister today that is afraid to say his soul is his own and is afraid he will hurt someone's feelings, he should be taken out of the pulpit and put in a dime museum—"beecher" and "talmadge" made their name and fame by looking into present events; they never went back to new england hypocrisy for a text; they abhorred and ignored the teachings of the solemnites and held up the religion of the present in place of the religion of the past—education brings brighter ideas—the merchant of ten years ago would starve under the present system—ten years ago ten styles of cloaks were thought sufficient; today a thousand different styles will hardly supply the tastes—it is activity in business that brings the best returns—our mammoth cloak department double the size today it was one week ago shows the wonderful power of advertising; it shows results are being obtained—today the cloak department is known all over this western country as the most active, the largest, the finest and the cheapest—people come from old mexico, from arizona and new mexico, to buy cloaks, that have read our advertisements—they know there must be merit or the people would rebel—the trade of this house is showing a tremendous increase—the dress goods department is climbing a notch higher every day; the cloak department is selling more cloaks than all the cloak houses combined; this is an acknowledged fact by everybody—our big second floor has more than doubled the business over one year ago—monday's sale will again clinch another nail in the prosperity of this business—people will be here at our great \$5 cloak sale that will for the next year appreciate the bargains they will view on that day—this is another way to advertise and secure business; sell good goods at a reasonable price; job lots and odds and ends bring no trade; 5c sales are produced only by 5c houses; big sales show big sales and bring big crowds; 100 articles at 5c each will not draw enough people to add 100 extra dollars to the cash drawer; 200 cloaks at \$5 each means \$1000; 50c each on 200 cloaks makes more money than ten cloaks at \$5 each profit, and the people receive the benefit—it is large sales we are after, and it is larger trade we are receiving; it is our new way to catch the dress goods trade; you can see that by pricing the goods; samples given at all times for comparison; we are never too busy to give samples—broad-gauged, liberal ideas with the best force of salespeople in the city is bringing results that any house should feel proud of—visit our great dress goods department; visit our mammoth cloak department—goods will be shown freely whether you wish to purchase or not; money refunded on any and all goods not perfectly satisfactory—we not only want to catch trade, but we want to retain it—fairest and squarest place in the city to trade.

our dress goods' department is showing more than double the quantity of goods we have ever carried in stock—our sales are increasing in every department we know how to treat people right—it is one of the progressive departments of the house—it is the largest department of the kind in the city today, and the trade is growing at a rapid rate.

"the great trotting"

—record of many banks has been the principal topic of conversation among the boys of the city, and they have been very much excited—over on boy's heights they have been hitching each other up and have had their trotting matches—every boy has an idea he can outrun the other boy; the little fellows are usually chock full of conceit and it takes a good thumping before they realize some other boy is better than he is—the other day there was unusual excitement about a race in prospect and the boys all had their favorites; two of the quick boys were selected and good runners were given in charge as drivers; they had their rope bridles, and as it was to be a race for blood they put the reins around the boys' waists in place of in their mouths, and made them secure: each side had bet all the marbles they had on the result; they were driven back and forward to get them warmed—referees and starters were selected and everything was done to make the boys drivers full of excitement—and the yelling and jabbering was done in regular boy fashion—this rather got the steeds nervous and excited, and they began to prance around like a couple of kentucky thoroughbreds; the drivers had all they could do to hold them in; they would squeal and kick and plunge ahead to show they had the true metal and wanted to go; the drivers would coax and threaten, but still they wanted to go—finally the word go was given and away they went; the boys were wild with excitement—the drivers and horses were keeping about even when one of the drivers stubbed his toe and fell headlong in the middle of the road; the horse was well trained and went ahead and was soon in the lead, as the driver of the other horse could hardly keep up his gait; to gain time the driverless horse took the cable-car track and was going at a great rate, when all of a sudden his reins fell down through the slot and got caught on the rope; he tried to unhitch himself, but the man who held the rope was down the first hill he was going at a 2 1/2 gate; on up over the winding road he could see the track, fast, everlastingly making tracks for the city—the horse was yelling for some one to hold him; an old lady saw him coming and got in front to stop him; she was soon rolling around, pounding rocks with her body; several men started up the track to catch the boy, but soon gave up the race—the big policeman at first street threw up his club and yelled, "no fast driving allowed," but the boy kept along at his usual pace with no time to think of anything else but his own body—around the curve at first and broadway; the boy looked like a swan, he did the act so graceful; everybody in sight got excited, and before they had time to plan a rescue the boy was two blocks or more away and was going down broadway like a fellow on roller skates; he was both long-legged and long-winded, and by the time he reached the curve at seventh and broadway he began to show signs of exhaustion, and when he had reached the power-house, some of the boys had seen him, and the policeman who was soon stopped the boy and horse, whatever you may call him, was ready to stop; he was finally patched up and sent home on the cable car—there is one boy now in the city that has not the least particle of conceit about him, and when it comes to a horse race it makes him sicker to talk about it than it would for him to take a trip to catalina.

—we offer a large lot of children's shoes—manufacturers—shoe department has been moved near the pattern counter, and are all on tables to be closed out cheap—reynolds bros. shoes at cost—there is no better shop than reynolds bros.

"to introduce

—the new improvement in our mammoth cloak department, and to more thoroughly advertise this department we make a special sale of cloaks that will be without an equal in all this country—the goods are all new, bought for the fall trade, and cannot be matched elsewhere for double the money—this is no exaggeration; plain truth stated in a plain manner to draw and to hold trade—if you are interested it will pay you to look—this sale is for one day only, and it begins

"monday morning at 9 o'clock..?"

—100 jackets, 34 inches long, lap seams, high sleeves, seams all faced for \$5.00; brown mottled or checked material, medium weight, \$1.25; herring-bone, weave, small checks and mottled, 34 inches long, elegantly made, three different shades, and the price for monday will be \$5.00.
—150 fur-trimmed reefer, seams all bound, black, rough material; monday the price will be \$5.00—oblong buttons on one side and silk braid loops on the other; all have high sleeves and are unmatchable for the price.
—storm surge jackets in medium weight, all-wool, double-breasted, high sleeves, full length, half satin lined, seams all bound; the price is \$5; black only.
—light tan cloth blazers, all wool, silk cords and tassels, all have high shoulders, seams all bound—a new garment for \$5 each.
—light tan mottled cloth, all-wool blazers, silk cords and tassels, high sleeves, full length; an elegant fitting garment for \$5.
—black melton beaver reefer, fur facing around collar and down full length in front, seams all bound, well made and extra length for \$5; buttons on one side, still loops on the other; none are jobs; they are all new goods, all bought for this fall trade—this is the first time they have been exhibited, and are all to be sold at a much higher price on any other day—this is a special sale for a special day to bring the cloak department more forcible to your notice—

"monday morning at 9 o'clock..?"

—and not before.

—a new corset for 50c; another one for 75c; the royal Worcester for a dollar; perfect form fitting; all made in the best styles—trade doubling up in the corset department.

"a great deal"

—has been said in our advertisement about the mammoth cloak department—until today it stands out alone as the very largest and most prominent in the city—the new improvement made in this department will enable us to more forcibly impress the public with the magnitude of this department—it is not alone the largest in size, but more than double in sales—after pushing the cloak department to the top, we turn our attention to our big dress goods department—we believe in the power of advertising; not alone in the paper, but over our counters, and today we invite you to see the most complete dress goods stock to be found anywhere in this city—it is the intention to push this department to where it will stand alongside by side in the popularity with the big cloak department—dress goods must be sold right to gain trade—you never saw a greater growth anywhere equalizing our present gain over a year ago—dress goods are sold right in this house, and besides you are treated right.

"all-wool henriettas,"

—38 inches wide, 40 different colors,

55c per yard..?

—worth 85c.
—all-wool bedford cord, 38 inches wide, 55c; worth an even dollar—no exaggeration, but facts—there is a reason for selling them at the prices.

—few men's sizes, from 9 to 10 1/2, choice for \$1.50—they are less than cost.
—the cloak department has been doubled in size—come monday to our big cloak room.
—7-hook kid gloves in all sizes, \$1 per pair; worth \$1.50—you get value at our special sales.

"a lot of new"

gents' bathing suits for

"10c each..?"

—they are nice to make over for children's underwear, and would be very cheap at 75c for the purpose—monday at 9 o'clock.

—a few pairs of men's shoes left in sizes 9, 9 1/2, 10 and 10 1/2—the choice will be sold for \$2.50 per pair; way under cost—pair of odds and ends in shoes; choice for a dollar a pair—closing out the shoe department.

"a few more"

gents' bathing suits for

"10c each..?"

—they are nice to make over for children's underwear, and would be very cheap at 75c for the purpose—monday at 9 o'clock.

—a few pairs of men's shoes left in sizes 9, 9 1/2, 10 and 10 1/2—the choice will be sold for \$2.50 per pair; way under cost—pair of odds and ends in shoes; choice for a dollar a pair—closing out the shoe department.

"a lot of new"

things in our big millinery department just in—largest and finest millinery department in the city—millinery at less than the usual prices—we are showing a lot of new things for early fall trade in hat ribbons and feathers—come in and glance over the new things—we will have plenty to say in a short time about millinery—it will be mighty interesting.

—gaining trade in the big dress goods' department—we are showing all the new things at starting prices right and left.

—the other day as the writer of this with a fish line in his hand and with the hook at the bottom of the sea was fishing on to a big stock of patience, he began to soliloquize and the song he reached after three hours of hard work that it was as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle as it was for a fishhook to get into the mouth of a fish, so we carefully folded up our line and sneaked home.

THE COURTS.

The Holmes Damage Suit Before Judge McKinley.

Lengthy Litigation Over a Comparative Trifling Matter.

Divorce Business Before Judges Wade and Smith.

A Man Granted a Decree Because His Wife Eloped With a Chinaman, and Two Deserted Wives Released from Marital Bonds.

The case of W. H. Holmes vs. the Los Angeles Transfer Company, an action to recover damages in the sum of \$299 alleged to have been sustained by reason of a breach of contract on the part of the defendant, came on for trial for the second time yesterday before Judge McKinley, and a jury in Department Six, E. E. Powers, Esq., appearing for the plaintiff and J. L. Murphy, Esq., representing the defendant. The jurors selected to try the case were: J. O. Blakeley, C. Bradshaw, D. Cochran, L. N. Cochran, P. J. Dreher, G. Gephard, C. V. Hall, P. Hanrhan, E. Hicklin, E. F. C. Klokke, W. W. Lord and B. B. Nesbit.

The suit was originally brought in Justice Austin's court, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$50 and costs, whereupon defendant appealed to the Superior Court. It was tried in Department Six in March last, and resulted in a verdict for the defendant, whereupon plaintiff asked and was granted a new trial.

The facts of the case as gathered from the pleadings and testimony are as follows: On August 30, 1891, plaintiff and his family were returning from their annual summer outing at Long Beach. They were aboard on the train by a train for the Los Angeles Transfer Company, with whom Holmes made a verbal contract, by the terms of which the company's representative promised to deliver plaintiff's baggage at his residence, No. 812 Boyle avenue, at a stated time. This baggage consisted of six trunks, five packages and a dog, and the reason plaintiff was so anxious to have it delivered that night was on account of the fact that in these packages were the family bedding, cooking utensils and other necessities.

As the goods were not delivered until the next day, plaintiff and his family were placed in a very awkward predicament, and when one of the defendant's employes arrived next morning and demanded \$2.50 for hauling the baggage from the Arcade depot, Holmes refused to pay the money.

The defendant admitted making the agreement and claimed that it did attempt to deliver the baggage as agreed upon, but that no one was at plaintiff's residence to accept it, and the driver being afraid to leave the trunks and packages on the porch, carried them back to town, where they remained stored until next morning. The defendant therefore demanded the sum of \$3.50 for hauling the goods.

At the close of the testimony upon both sides the matter went over until Monday morning next for argument.

DIVORCES GRANTED.

Paul Dahlke was granted a decree by Judge Wade yesterday morning divorcing him from Orla Dahlke upon the ground of adultery. Dahlke was married in August, 1886, the plaintiff being a Swiss baker about 35 years of age, and the defendant a Mexican, 30 years of age. They resided at Whittier where plaintiff conducted a paying business, but the defendant, tiring of the monotony of the bakery, eloped with a Chinese merchant named Kow Gee, to Seattle, leaving her husband to care for their two little children.

Judge Wade also heard the case of A. G. Ogilvie vs. Mary J. Ogilvie, an action for divorce upon the ground of desertion, and the defendant having a child in her matter to go by default, a decree was ordered in favor of the plaintiff therein as prayed for.

Judge Smith rendered his decision yesterday afternoon in the case of Mrs. Emma L. Hamrick vs. O. M. Hamrick, an action for divorce on the ground of failure to provide, which was tried on the 19th inst., granting a decree as prayed for by the plaintiff.

INCORRIGIBLES IN COURT.

Judge Smith heard the application of M. W. Wright, the Humane Society's officer, for the committal of Maurice Hill, a seventeen-year-old boy, to the Reform school, but at the close of the testimony denied the same, and discharged the defendant. Hill first gained notoriety in connection with the "Mother Brown's disorderly house" case, and Officer Wright had had a warrant for his arrest since June last, but refrained from serving it on account of the lad's friends. A few nights ago, however, Hill and several other boys attended a meeting of the Salvation Army, and the officer believing them to be there for an unlawful purpose, warned them, the result being that Hill presented his interference and was arrested.

Louie Casullo, a thirteen-year-old incorrigible, was also taken before Judge Smith yesterday morning upon complaint of his mother, Mrs. Carmelita Casullo, a widow, who has eight other children, and duly committed to the State Reform school at Whittier for the term of three years.

Court Notes.

On Monday morning, in accordance with an order made by Judge Smith yesterday, Clerk Crane of Department One will draw thirty-five names from the jury-box, for the purpose of empanelling a grand jury.

Alex Allison, a Scotchman, and Gustav Zeikel and Fred J. Krause, Germans, were duly admitted to citizenship of the United States, by Judge Smith yesterday, after producing the necessary proofs of residence here and taking the requisite oaths of renunciation and allegiance, and Judge Clark performed a like service for Boy Cornelius Volkerts, a German.

Judge Clark tried the case of Roy Nance vs. Charles A. Doyle et al., an action to foreclose a mortgage on three lots in the May tract, yesterday morning, and ordered judgment for the plaintiff therein in the sum of \$388.68, by default.

Pursuant to stipulation and by consent of counsel, the motion for a new trial in the matter of the estate of Mary Ayres, deceased, was dismissed by Judge Clark yesterday morning.

The citation recently issued by Judge Clark requiring John Sherer to appear and show cause why this order of court admitting him to citizenship should not be revoked, was returned unserved yesterday morning, whereupon the Court ordered that a new citation issue, redefault.

The defendants in the case of Mrs. Emilie S. Seier vs. O. C. Weller et al., an action to foreclose a mortgage for \$578.75 on two lots in block 7 at Crescenta, having allowed the time of charge.

matter to go by default. Judge Wade yesterday morning ordered judgment for the plaintiff therein, as prayed for. It being shown to the Court that the defendant in the case of S. W. Little vs. J. D. Robinson an action to recover a certain amount alleged to be due on a promissory note, was an insolvent debtor, the action was ordered stricken from the calendar.

W. Lanotte, an old vigneron, was brought down from Fresno by Deputy Marshal Goodrich yesterday, upon an indictment charging him with giving salt liquor to Indians, recently, and was placed under bonds in the sum of \$600 to insure his appearance when required.

New Suit.

Among the documents filed with the County Clerk yesterday were the preliminary papers in the following new cases:

Petition of Clara H. Hellmann for letters of administration to the estate of Carl Hellmann, deceased, who died on April 2, 1891, leaving real property valued at \$100.

George A. Pool vs. Nathaniel C. Carter; suit to recover \$5000 damages for an alleged malicious prosecution at Pasadena.

Joel A. Pool vs. Nathaniel C. Carter; suit to recover \$5000 damages for an alleged malicious prosecution.

J. J. Wilson vs. the Los Angeles Terminal Railway Company; suit to recover \$15,000 damages alleged to have been sustained by reason of the negligence of defendant's employees.

Charles W. Snodgrass vs. Martha Jane Nelson et al.; suit to quiet title to a lot in this city.

E. J. Baldwin vs. the Sierra Madre Water Company; suit to enjoin defendant from interfering with the water of the Santa Anita Creek, etc.

N. C. Carter vs. the Sierra Madre Water Company; suit to restrain defendant from incurring a proposed indebtedness for new pipes, etc., without first obtaining the consent of the stockholders.

Petition of C. B. Wilson for letters of administration to the estate of Grace M. Giles, deceased, who died on July 20 last at Cape May, N. J., leaving an interest in real property here.

THE MILITIA AT HOME.

Return of the Seventh Regiment from the Encampment at Ventura.

Cos. A, C and F of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. C., returned from Ventura yesterday, having been in camp there since the 17th inst.

The regiment came home by rail, arriving at the Arcade depot at 1:30 p.m. Co. B of Pasadena and Co. G of Anaheim, came at the same time and at once proceeded on their journey homeward.

At the same time the other companies were formed in marching column and, under command of Col. Schreiber, went immediately to their armory on Broadway.

Most of the men were glad to get back and have an opportunity to exchange the soldier garb for more comfortable and convenient citizens' clothing. Nevertheless, all were unanimous in stating that the encampment had been by far the pleasantest as well as the most profitable one ever held by the regiment.

The accommodations at camp Anacapa were of the best, the rations both plentiful and palatable, while the treatment of the men made the stay at the camp there of Ventura was hospitable in the extreme.

The medal offered by the citizens of the town for the best sustained score at target shooting was left behind, it having been honorably won by Private James Reilly of Co. D, who is also Sheriff of Ventura county.

The score or series of scores upon which he captured the trophy was a good one, being 45, 43, 41 and 45 out of four strings of a possible 50 each.

This, at a range of 200 yards with a military rifle of the regulation six pound pull, is considered as the most profitable of what a practiced eye and steady nerves can do.

THE HONOLULU HARBOR.

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THE MINISTERIAL SITUATION.

The situation of the ministry is far from pleasant and they are almost daily reminded of their official incompetence by a regiment of men half blind to the reprobates heaped upon them by members of the legislature. The leaders of the reform party, who refused to sustain the vote of want of confidence introduced by the Liberal, or native, party, are in sackcloth and ashes, since they find themselves deserted by the native members in the Legislature. It is stated on the best authority the Reform party leaders are openly soliciting the support of the Liberals, who, however, are holding back until the new cabinet is formed before an answer will be given.

The encampment was a peculiarly fortunate one throughout, there being no accidents of any kind and no one injured save one or two "fans" who got hit with baseballs.

The few residents of Ventura who were down at the camp yesterday morning sufficiently early to witness the striking of the tents witnessed a sight which they will probably never forget.

Any movement performed simultaneously by a regiment of men had a sort of charm to the eye, but particularly interesting was it to see the tents of the entire camp fall together, all toward the center at the sound of the signal gun. Everything had been arranged so that each tent remained in an upright position dependent upon a single pair of guy ropes in the hands of a man detailed to see that all went properly and without any hitch.

At 8:30 o'clock all the blankets, beds, campstools and provisions had been packed and the signal given for retreat to be sounded. The bugles rang out the plaintive note, and at the last note the tent poles on the parade ground were discharged. At the sound each man dropped his rope, and in an instant what had been a field of canvas dwellings became a level plain with a score of animated machines scrambling about rolling the white canvas in bundles and gathering up the tent poles for shipment.

In a few minutes the last tent was folded and placed aboard the trucks in waiting, and with three last loud cheers for the Seventh Regiment, Col. Schreiber, Co. D of Ventura and Capt. Black, the boys in blue took up their march to the depot, the drum and bugle corps at the head playing an improvised quickstep arranged on the air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

A FINANCIAL CRACK.

Hawaii can boast of a genuine financial crack in the person of her Minister of Finance. In the latter part of July he started the community by illegally issuing a large number of Hawaiian government \$10 silver certificates, which he afterward called in at the direction of the Legislature, and to cover his "error" has, by permission, introduced a bill to make such an illegal legal.

The unexplainable thing about the matter is that the minister, Mr. H. A. Widemann, sat in the house which framed the present law, which fact has left the minister open to the severest censure.

Had the matter stopped here the incapability of this official might have escaped further reproof in the legislature; but early in August the minister gave public notice that the Hawaiian government could thereafter pay only one-half of its debts in silver dollars, and gold coins as provided by law. The island press, with the exception of the ministerial newspaper, denounced this course as virtual repudiation and national bankruptcy. In the legislature the ministry was severely taken to task for consenting to such a course and the Minister of Finance was forcibly condemned by Noble Thurston for action in the matter. The natural result of such a financial policy was reached in a few days by an unexampled run on the Postal Savings Bank and by Hawaiian government bonds selling in open market at 8 and 4 per cent. discount, where at present they remain.

Fruit Jars and Jelly Glasses.

Mason and Lightning Company, also refrigerator, glass, gauze, silk, silk plated, ware, glasses, etc., at 2½ and 3½ cents per pound, and 3½ and 4½ cents per pound.

BING up telephone 44 for John Wieland and Fredericksburg Bottled Beer, delivered free of charge.

HAWAIIAN AFFAIRS.

England Wants the Island of Niueau.

Hawaii Claims Johnson's Island Deepening Honolulu Harbor.

Big Suit Against Claus Spreckels Cabinet in Hot Water.

The Government Stops Gold Payments Against American Merchants—The Lau Murders—Opium Sales are the Legislature.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

HONOLULU, Aug. 17, 1892.—Since early in August the report has been current here that negotiations were talked of, or had already begun, for the purchase of the Island of Niueau, the most northwesterly of the generally recognized group of Hawaiian Islands. Niueau is the private property of an English family by the name of Sinclair, who purchased it of the Hawaiian government many years ago.

They have since used the island as a sheep ranch, which comprises the island's boundaries of ninety-seven square miles. It is understood that the English government wishes to convert Niueau into a station for the British Trans-Pacific cable, provided the present cable does not interfere.

It is not explained why England expects to acquire a national title on any national right in Hawaiian territory by the purchase of a private property acquired with the consent of, and held under, the Hawaiian government. The plea that a cable station is wanted is not credited, as it is well known that any nation or company laying a cable to Hawaii will be granted a landing by the government.

CHARLES W. SNODGRASS vs. MARTHA JANE NELSON et al.; suit to quiet title to a lot in this city.

E. J. BALDWIN vs. THE SIERRA MADRE WATER COMPANY; suit to enjoin defendant from interfering with the water of the Santa Anita Creek, etc.

N. C. CARTER vs. THE SIERRA MADRE WATER COMPANY; suit to restrain defendant from incurring a proposed indebtedness for new pipes, etc., without first obtaining the consent of the stockholders.

PETITION OF C. B. WILSON FOR LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION TO THE ESTATE OF GRACE M. GILES, DECEASED, WHO DIED ON JULY 20 LAST AT CAPE MAY, N. J., LEAVING AN INTEREST IN REAL PROPERTY HERE.

THE CASE OF JOHNSON ISLAND.

On July 29 Minister Parker stated in the Legislature, regarding the occupation of Johnson's Island by the government of Great Britain, substantially as follows: (1.) The Hawaiian government is not as yet officially informed of the fact. (2.) The Johnson's Island was, in June, 1858, taken possession of with the usual formalities by Sam C. Allen, Esq., in the name of Kamehameha IV, and has since been considered and respected as a part of the Hawaiian Kingdom.

THE LANAI PIER.

More than a year ago H. C. Farmer, an English naturalist, holding a commission from Lord Rothschild, came to Hawaii to secure a collection of island fauna. He has since been pursuing his work on the different islands and is at present encamped on the mountain slopes of East Maui. Mr. Farmer has been unusually successful thus far and reports by the last steamer from that island that most other specimens he has taken and species of Hawaiian birds, some of which have been generally believed to have become extinct in the islands years ago.

THE LEGISLATURE AFTER OPIUM.

The Legislative Committee, appointed some time since to investigate the government's crooked opium transactions, has been unable to catch the "biggest" men in the business.

The committee seized thirty-six tins of Hong Kong opium a few days ago, almost under the noses of the government authorities, and constrained the officers to bring the proper proof before resigning Hawaiian sovereignty. The United States failed to press their claim, and it is the impression of the Hawaiian government that "Johnson's alias Cornwallis (and Kaluna) Islands are still a portion of Her Hawaiian Majesty's dominion." (3.) The Hawaiian government has not considered it advisable to enter protest, being of the opinion Her Britannic Majesty's government on ascertaining the facts will withdraw their occupation without the necessity of a formal protest.

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SOCIETY+

Society must have a Ward McAllister next season. Some one who shall be her recognized social leader before whose edicts all of the Los Angeles Four Hundred shall bow. We are progressive in other things, and we must not be behind in this. With this conviction thoroughly in mind, the society editor last week gleaned the following interviews with leading society belles and beau as to their choice of a leader. This is what they said:

"Give us Frank Hicks, by all means," echoed several voices in concert when the subject was broached; "he is so handsome and popular, and everybody likes him."

"Let us have Harry Latham," chorused a number of feminine voices. "He comes of such a distinguished old family, and we all like him; in fact, he's 'to the manner born.'"

"Yes, and he is such an adept in setting the style of wearing whiskers," giggled a young belle.

"It's a pity that the 'Duke of Milpitas' isn't here," responded an old-timer who figured in society three or four years ago during the duke's reign; "but why not give us Walter Moore? He has exhibited such amazing facility in a political line, why not socially?"

"I say, let's have John Gaffey," exclaimed another. "He succeeds so well in leading the Irish, why not in leading the german?"

"I think L. H. Polk should be accorded that honor," observed another. "He is absolutely correct in dress and understands the graces of combination. He is a perfect Apollo in the temple and full dress combination, for he is an absolute mentor of male attire."

"I vote for E. F. C. Klocke," exclaimed an enthusiast, "he can brew such a fine claret punch that he'd have all society with a jag on inside of a week."

"I say, give us Philip Hazard, because he is such a high kicker," said a wobbly belle.

"I think Jim Mellus would make a fine McAllister because his ambitions point that way," suggested another.

"I think Rees of the City Council is the man for the office," said a wise-looking belle. "He is already the ward McAllister of the East Side, and it would only enlarge the territory already under his scepter. He has fine musical and dramatic qualities, and is very popular with the young ladies."

"My mind is set on Col. Freeman G. Teed," remarked a decided-looking young lady. "He is an accomplished equestrian, an authority on dancing, and best of all, he is entitled to wear the gold lace of the Governor's body guard, and you know we women do on epaulettes and brass buttons."

"I think he's just one man for the place and that's Dr. Leleyo Wills," said a pretty blonde. "His high social function would protect him in his measure from the importunities of the girls who fairly dog his footsteps now."

"Tom Lewis would be immense, but he'd have to give up the postoffice business and he might object," ventured another.

"Lieut. Baker would be the most fetching McAllister we could have," decisively announced a masculine social leader.

"I want Willi Childs," said a little female voice. "Why, he has dissected and studied Washington society till he is accepted as a final authority on the swagger thing to do in all Eastern cities."

"How would Charlie Ellis do?" suggested a thoughtful gentleman, after considering a few moments. "He is the organizer of the Ellis Club, which includes the acknowledged *creme de la creme* of male society; he is of distinguished appearance, and resides in the West End; of course that last requisite is imperative."

And now, society belles and beans, what shall the verdict be among so many conflicting opinions? Who shall be your social Napoleon?

ENGLAND VS. AMERICA.

She was a pretty little English woman with blonde hair and dark eyes and had recently arrived in Los Angeles from England. She found our customs differing somewhat from those of old England and expressed her ideas thus:

"I was at Santa Monica yesterday and my husband and I sat on the beach watching the bathers. We didn't sit there long, though, for we were so shocked at what we saw that we wanted to get away. We saw some young women, young girls and young gentlemen, go in bathing promiscuously in costumes that struck us as simply scandalous. Why, in England, such a thing as promiscuous bathing is unknown. The ladies arrayed in bathing costumes are never seen by the sterner sex. Indeed, it would be considered quite as immodest as to parade in public in one's night clothes or underwear. When ladies go bathing, then, they are led down from the bath-house into the water in a machine resembling a chair, and no gentleman sees them till they emerge from the bath-house clad in street-clothes an hour or two later. I am shocked at the indecent exposure permitted in America."

"Another thing that strikes me as very queer here is the method ladies employ for hair-dressing. Why, your American ladies pay 50 cents for a single shampoo and 75 cents for dressing the hair. In England we pay our hair-dresser a guinea (about \$5.40 in American money) per year, and she attends to our heads weekly. Of course, in summer we frequently are out of town for seven weeks and then our hair-dresser has a rest, but we're going on just the same. There's a thing as a 'bang' is unknown in England, the English expression being 'fringe.' Our English ladies retain their youth much longer than you Americans, too, though you have many handsome women in California. An English lady of 28 looks younger than the average American of 18."

"Another thing I have observed—and I don't like it either—and that is the curse of the railway and other officials. If I ask for information, I am liable to receive a very short answer. Just the other day I was on a Spring street horse car and witnessed a scene which will illustrate this point. As the car reached Fifth street it halted to let a passenger off. Just as it stopped another passenger, a lady, and evidently a stranger in the city, rose up in her seat, and accosted

the conductor, said: 'I want to get off at Fourth street.'

"'Well, madam, if you sit still long enough you'll get there,' was the reply of the conductor.

"We English people would not consider that civil. There the conductor listens respectfully and attentively to inquiries, answers politely and fully and touches his cap as he turns away. I think that must be one reason for the American habit of feeling when traveling abroad. They are so accustomed to rudeness on the part of officials at home that they expect to pay for civility. One is just as well served in this little detail, however, as his 'decent' is not. The railway corporations exact this deference to travelers from their employés. For a fee of 12 cents there a conductor or porter will do as much for the comfort of a passenger as a \$2 tip will procure him in this country."

SOCIAL APATHY.

It has been intolerably dull in local social circles during the past week, and the events of interest have been chronicled daily as they occurred so that merely a mention of arrivals and departures of summer fitters remains to be recorded, with brief announcement of coming or past mild dissipation.

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrison entertained informally at their pretty home on Olive street a few friends who called to say farewell to Miss Annie Salmon, their guest and cousin, who leaves early this week for Santa Rosa.

Invitations are out for the annual white dress party of the Frank Bartlett W.R.C., at G.A.R. Hall, No. 612 South Spring street, next Tuesday evening.

A HAPPY REUNION.

Gen. A. J. Sampson and wife, two daughters and son-in-law, A. W. Chamberlin of Denver, constitute a happy party at the Westminster. This is the first time they have all met in nearly two years. Gen. Sampson is the United States Consul at Paseo del Norte, Mexico, and has been for three years. He and his wife have been on a visit to the Northwest, and the other just arrived direct from Denver, expecting to remain in the city and vicinity for the next eight or ten months. Mr. Chamberlin is well-known as one of the prominent business men of Denver.

SUMMER FLURRIES.

Misses Mabel and Ada Spofstad have returned from a pleasant outing at Catalina Island.

Miss Louise Soule and Miss Wedemeyer, chaperoned by Mrs. N. W. Stowell, attended the tennis tournament at Santa Monica last week.

Miss Sophie Schmidt of Berkeley is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank D. Owen, at No. 325 North Hill street.

Miss Helena Fleishman has returned from San Francisco and would be glad to receive her friends at her home, No. 518 West Sixth street.

Mrs. B. E. Remke has gone to Santa Ana on a visit for a few days.

Miss E. A. Phillips and party have returned from a sojourn at Mt. Wilson. While there Miss Phillips acted as maid of honor at the wedding of her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Crawford and the Misses D. Dottie Broadwell and Lily Buckingham left yesterday for Catalina to spend a week or two.

Henry Fall and his sister, Miss Fall, both teachers in the Pomona schools, have been the guests of Mrs. M. E. Morse, of West Ninth street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Mulford have returned from San Francisco.

Miss Connie of San Francisco is the guest of Mrs. G. C. Wells.

Miss Anna C. Murphy has gone North. She will visit the historical exhibit at the Sacramento fair and attend the annual meeting of the Woman's Press Association in San Francisco before returning.

Judge Widney's family returned early in the week from a month's stay at Long Beach.

Mrs. J. E. Plater has been called to San Francisco by the serious illness of her mother.

Miles Pease and family are located on the south beach at Santa Monica for the season.

Mme. Modjeska was entertained at Santa Monica before her departure East, by Misses Gorham, Hamilton and Lester.

I. Q. Dague accompanied by his daughter Bertha, and Miss Emma Barringer, left for Catalina yesterday for a week's outing.

A jolly party of young folks have just returned from Catalina where they have enjoyed a week's camping. The party consisted of: Misses Jeannette Kiger, Addie Crane, Grace Kingsley, Emma Hawgau, Ethel Moody; Misses Wallace, Eisenhart, Tom Kiger, Moody, Fuller, John Kiger, Leon Conklin, Earl Kiger, Ray Moody, Joe Moody. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. J. R. Moody and Mrs. Zuber.

The Leader of the Mob.

[Sacramento Record-Union.] The blustering, brutal wreath Linda, who filled the country around Coal Creek, Tenn., with terror, who assumed and held leadership of the mining miners who developed into armed insurrectionists, when he fell into the hands of conservative laboring men proved a craven rascal. He had not the pluck of a chicken, begged for his life, and promised to prove his innocence to the authorities, but with and also a wild, rambling play, and will bill themselves as stars.

While in London Salvin was ban-

queted by Henry Irving and Miss Terry, was the guest of Mme. Patti for a few days at her Craig-y-Nos castle, spent a week with the elder Salvin at his villa on the hills of Fiesole near Florence, and in Paris was entertained by Coquelin.

The New York paper has it that Henry Wills will remain in charge of the Angeles Theater under Mr. Peter's ownership. We are advised that any statement of that kind is unauthorized, and that the general manager on Spring street is likely to continue to light up that portion of the town with his smile just the same as of yore. He is still booking attractions for his house, which does not look as though a change was contemplated.

It is said that after this season "Spike" Hennessy, the converted burglar, "cracks" a safe at each performance of *The Stowaway*, will be seen no more on the stage. A number of prominent evangelists with whom he had made contributions have prevailed upon him to make a tour of the country and repair his shattered reputation, telling his experience as a burglar and how he became converted. The two Samuels, Jones and Small, may look to their laurels.

A most interesting Passion Play is produced at Stileford, near Rolandseck, on the Rhine. Stileford is out of the beaten track of travelers, and nearly all the visitors who flock there on the days the sacred tragedy is presented are country people from neighboring villages, so that, as yet, the absolute simplicity and seriousness of the performance is unspoiled. Twelve years ago Herr Müller, the owner of a small estate at Stileford, witnessed the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and came home filled with the idea of producing a similar play in his own village. For nine years he worked hard to make the idea a reality. First

a journal published at Constantinople gives some particulars of the mercury mines of Almaden, where about \$200,000 worth are employed in this unhealthy industry. The production reaches \$5,000 to \$6,000 francs (100 francs each) per annum.

A newspaper published in Constantinople



he wrote the tragedy, modeling it on the lines of the one at Oberammergau, but modifying it to suit the ideas and customs of his countrymen, and expressing it in their dialect, so as to appeal directly to the Rhenish ear, mind and heart. Then he had to pick out his actors, who had no notion of acting, as most of whom had never seen a theater in their lives, and to teach and train them. All this took nine years.

The degradation of the stage will be emphasized during the season by the advent of four "sluggers." The Queensberry actors who have become stars with their bunch of fives, and who are to appear in *Cop. Horrocks*, after he has tried conclusions with Mr. "Jim" Corbett; Mr. "Jim" Corbett in a new play called *Gentleman Jack*, whether he is knocked out or not; Mr. "Bob" Flizimmons, who also has a new play in which he is to shoe a horse "in full view," and finally, as a striking apothecary, Mr. George Dixon, a colored gentleman, who will "do" variety and be supported by a white company.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

[Music resembles poetry; in each are innumerable graces which no methods teach.]

Not a concert or an opera has been on the boards during the past week.

The series of summer recitals and musicals seems to have reached a triumphant finale in the Late concert a week ago and now musicians will take their vacation as well as ministers, society people and other professionals.

This evening there will be a sacred concert at Simpson Church, with Miss Grace Milltimore, Miss Lizzie Kimball, Mrs. F. P. Scarborough, Miss Maude Cullen, Mrs. Carlisle, Messrs. F. W. Wallace and J. P. Dupuy as soloists. A large choir and orchestra and the instruments of the concert will be a feature of the concert.

The choir announce their farewell service at Simpson Church on Sunday evening, September 25, under the direction of Prof. O. Stewart Taylor. A choir of fifty voices will assist and excellent local talent has been engaged for the occasion.

MUSICAL PEOPLE.

Miss Nellie L. Boynton is recruiting at the Hotel Metropole, Avalon.

Mrs. J. D. Hooker and Mrs. Jirah D. Cole still tarry at the lovely Montecito, but are expected back this week.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

William H. Sherwood is giving an extended series of recitals at Chautauqua.

Miss Nealy Stevens gave eighty-five recitals during the past season.

Verdi is working on a composition for the Columbus celebration at Genoa this autumn.

The choir who wrote the song, "In the Glomming," made \$3000 out of it.

It is arranged at last that Paderewski will come to San Francisco in the middle of November and give three concerts, the price of tickets ranging from \$2 to \$8.00. "He is no longer the human chrysanthemum," says the Musical Courier, "for a modern Delilah has persuaded him to be shorn of his pink plumes."

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